The Beaver

AUTUMN 1959

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

The Humble Address of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY, We, the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, offer our humble duty on the occasion of Your entering into these territories formerly known as Rupert's Land.

Under the terms of the Charter, granted to our Company by King Charles II in 1670, it was enacted that we should yield and pay to Him his heirs and successors two Elks and two Black Beavers whensoever He his heirs and successors should happen to enter into His territory of Rupert's Land. We, therefore, beg Your Majesty to accept these two Elks and two Black Beavers which we now offer to You in terms of the Charter and in the same manner in which they were offered to Your illustrious father King George VI on the occasion of His visit to these territories in May 1939.

This ancient Company is ever mindful of the honour conferred upon it by the appointment of Prince Rupert as its first Governor and of James Duke of York, afterwards King James II, as its second Governor. Upon this Happy Occasion we thank your Majesty as Queen of Canada for having made it possible during this visit to Your Realm of Canada for us to render this tribute to You, and we pray that Your Majesty may continue to be granted under Divine Providence a long and glorious reign based on freedom, justice and peace throughout all Your Majesty's Realms and Territories.

The Beaver

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Prince Rupert, soldier, sailor, artist, scientist, who was named by his cousin Charles II in the charter granted in 1670 as the first Governor of the Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson Bay. From a portrait by Lely in the possession of the Company.

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Handfuls of History

BY JOHN PATRICK GILLESE

All photographs from the Alberta Government, Ernest Brown collection

CHIEF Poundmaker stood, silhouetted against the evening sky, wondering if he would ever hear the thundering herds again. In his troubled mind, he was thinking of the schoolteacher-mystic, Riel, pleading the cause of the *Metis* and the people of the plains, planning his own government for the west. He may have thought of Fort Whoop-Up, too, source of rot-gut whiskey for his redskin brothers—but of guns as well.

Poundmaker lifted his gaze at the creak of Red River carts. In the distance he saw another long bull-train from Fort Garry. It crawled slowly westward, headed for Fort Edmonton, fading into the vast no-man's-land of lawlessness and loneliness.

If a writer or historian wants to see the buffalo corral Poundmaker stood by (the last he was ever to build), or the bull-trains, the early Red River carts ahead of iron tires, the settlers and the old forts of the lawless west—he will find them in a modern office building in downtown Edmonton: the legacy of the late and fabulous Ernest Brown.

The Brown Collection, numbering about 50,000 negatives, is now owned by the Province of Alberta. A slight, soft-spoken lady, Miss Gladys Reeves, associated most of her lifetime with the west's most far-sighted photographer, keeps working to finish the task of sorting and cataloguing the priceless prints, hoarded by a man who knew history when he saw it—who held it, literally, in his hands.

On old-fashioned glass plates, each 8 by 10 inches, are the buffalo wallows as they really were, the herds and hunters, the bones stacked for shipment on the plains.

With a sense of the theatrical, Ernest Brown left this study of himself as a young photographer, surrounded with the complexities of his trade.

Ernest Brown with two friends at the opening of his "Birth of the West" museum.

If your interest lies in personalities, they are there: Chief Piapot, squatting in the path of the "iron monster," the Canadian Pacific Railway; Jerry Potts, the legendary Scots-Indian tracker; Gabriel Dumont, gambler, plains scout, buffalo hunter and Riel's right-hand man in the Rebellion; Colin Fraser, son of the Fraser who piped George Simpson in triumph, when the Governor came west; "Janey Canuck," Father Lacombe and portraits of pioneer residents from 1890 on. Geographically, Brown's collection has scenes from Winnipeg to Victoria; from Fort Benton in Montana to the Arctic Circle; from the battlefields of the Riel Rebellion, to the boat routes of the fur-traders. Stored in sheet-metal boxes, about thirty negatives to a box, these thousands of plates tell the story of history dying and history being born.

On Indians alone, there is one full box devoted to ceremonials; one of outstanding chiefs, and six of other Indians —all photographed prior to 1890. There is a box full of Eskimo "portraits," taken before the turn of the century; no less than six canisters devoted exclusively to the Far North (moose-hunting from the steamer *Wrigley*, musk-oxen, fur-trains leaving Fort Smith); eight telling the story of the North West Mounted Police; five of the Klondike gold rush. There are at least fifty negatives of old Fort Edmonton alone.

When Governor Charles V. Sale, of the Hudson's Bay Company arrived from England in 1927 seeking authentic information on the Company in the west, John Blue, archivist for Alberta, took him everywhere—till someone finally mentioned Ernest Brown. For three albums of the unique photographic collection of H B C forts and activities, Brown received $750—a generous figure at the time.

The man who managed to make history stand still was born in England, on 8 September 1877. An early photograph shows him and his partner with a phonograph they assembled before Edison got a working model to England. Ernest Brown was "full of ideas" and "interested in everything," with strong preferences for the arts, the theatre—and, of course, photography.

At 15 he was already apprenticed to a Durham studio. Seven years later he was manager of the Shield Photo Company. When business was slack, he toured the countryside in a caravan, with an oil painting of General Roberts displayed on the side. Brown probably originated instal-

Three Edmonton pioneers: Jim Gibbons who homesteaded; "Dad" Osborne who ran the first post office in Edmonton, and Donald Ross who built the first hotel.

The all-wood Red River cart that screeched across the prairies. "The better the creak, the better the cart" the drivers said. This Indian driver is Washie Joe, so-named because she took in laundry.

ment plan payments, at least for photographs: in November of 1899, customers could pay one shilling down on a 10/6 order, for one dozen portraits.

The slump that followed the Boer War was bad for such a luxury business, however. With a wave of other restless youth, Ernest Brown sailed for Canada, leaving behind the young wife he had married in 1902.

In Toronto for a year, he worked at all sorts of unsatisfactory jobs—anything he could get—till one day a photographic supply firm mentioned that a pioneer Edmonton photographer, C. W. Mathers, wanted to make a photographic trip to the Arctic, a year's journey via the Mackenzie River route. Mathers needed someone to look after his Edmonton business. On 18 April 1904 Ernest Brown arrived.

Mathers, himself something of an inspired genius, had been an employee of Boorne and May of Calgary, the original photographers of the early west. In 1890 he was sent to Edmonton to open a branch studio; and when Boorne and May went out of business two years later, Mathers bought out their Edmonton interests. Here, in an old false-fronted building in a booming frontier town, Ernest Brown went to work.

It was the era of flash-powder photography and daylight printing—hazardous techniques at times. Once the powder exploded and nearly blew Brown through the partition of his studio. "On dull days," Gladys Reeves recalls, "you wouldn't get more than one print off a negative."

To Brown, however, the whole situation was tremendously exciting. In England, he had been fascinated even by news pictures of the Canadian northwest. Now he was literally surrounded by them, prints such as few eyes had ever seen. When he returned to England to get his wife—working his way on a slow cattle-boat, because he hadn't the money to travel otherwise—he told her that, one day, he would own them. On his return with his bride, his assets totalled a trunk and a five-dollar bill.

With the same initiative that he used in getting his wife out west, he now offered to buy Mathers' portrait studio. Mathers was agreeable to taking notes for the purchase price: it left him free to concentrate on his "view work" and souvenir photos. In July 1904, 27-year-old Ernest Brown opened his own studio for business.

Legend now has it that the first customer to walk through his doors was Chief Ermine Skin. Miss Reeves dispels that. Brown's first sitter, she says, was a Cree who wanted a last reminder of himself in his regalia before he traded off the buckskin trappings for a team of horses.

By 1905 business was so brisk Brown needed an office girl to answer the telephone, keep records, arrange appointments. The job went to 15-year-old Gladys Reeves, whose family had newly arrived from England.

"I was just a big gauche schoolgirl," Miss Reeves recalls. "I went in to apologize because my sister had applied for the job and no longer wanted it." She agreed to take it, instead: "the school holidays were getting dull." Brown was especially kind to her, partly, she suspects, because his only daughter had died in infancy. Under his thorough tutelage, Gladys became an excellent photographer in her own right, the first woman in western Canada to own and operate her own studio.

man commissioned to paint a life-sized portrait of Edward VII for coronation ceremonies in the fashionable Thistle Rink. (Lacking canvas, he took heavy unbleached sheeting, primed it, and painted His Majesty on that.) In a very few years, he photographed no less than 17,000 early Edmontonians, often taking meat or other farm produce as payment. Postcard-size photos were $3 a dozen; cabinet-size (a favourite with homesick Britishers) double that, but to Ernest Brown, in many cases at least, pay was incidental.

A unique photograph of the Blackfoot sun dance taken by Boorne on the Blood Indian Reserve in 1887. In this ceremony of "making a brave" the medicine man stands by the sacred pole which is hung with gifts. The painted, aspiring brave (left) has a wreath of willow, and a small reed whistle between his lips. Rawhide thongs are fastened to slivers of wood skewered through his breast muscles, the ends attached to the top of the pole. The brave danced round the pole, leaning back, till the skewers were torn out; the only sound he made was in blowing through the whistle.

"Brown's technical knowledge was of the best," she says, "his ability excellent. There wasn't a better photographer in the west."

Certainly there wasn't a more energetic one. By September 1st, he had seven cameras out recording the birth of a new province. He was accepted everywhere: as special guest of the R.N.W.M.P. at their social functions; as the

He never missed a chance to turn his camera on anyone who was a legitimate part of that changing era: such visiting notables as Governor General Earl Grey and silver-haired Sir Wilfrid Laurier; characters like the fabulous "Barrel" Smith, setting out for the Klondike with a team-drawn transport, using wine barrels for wheels; a couple of taciturn bearded trappers, with a fortune in furs piled

Brown's first customer, Must-took-no-kow, head councillor at Saddle Lake, who traded his outfit for a team of horses.

on their sleds; gold-seekers, remittance men and Mounties coming down from the Arctic.

The realization that the history of the west was fading into the pages of the past drove Brown, and he covered his starched cuffs with notes, getting stories from everyone he met.

There were, for instance, the reminiscences of Mrs. Philip Ottewell, first white bride in the Clover Bar camp (now the site of chemical plants and refineries) who used to lie awake at night, shivering in terror as Indians practised their last real war-whoops. There were the grim tales of "Swede" Anderson, a sergeant in the Mounted Police, who solved one of the most bizarre murders in the west (the King murder, 1904) by tracing the killer from a button found in a fire.

At night, Brown would carefully record the details, hoping one day to compile them into a book, "The Birth of The West," for which he planned 27 chapters.

Meanwhile, Mathers had gone to Vancouver. The itchy-footed photographer was making a fortune in the real estate boom, and his "view collection" was completely neglected. For Ernest Brown, who now had 66 feet of choice business frontage on Jasper Avenue, the moment was opportune. In 1908 he wrote Mathers, asking him to sell the complete view collection. It cost him "a staggering sum" (in the opinion of his associates): more than the studio *and* 66-foot frontage!

By 28 March 1914 Ernest Brown could afford to feel that success was his. On that day, by audited report, his tangible assets were $265,000. He had seventeen employees; and his 66-foot business block housed the largest photographic business in the west. Against it were two small mortgages and trade accounts, involving 27 per cent equity in his business. He had built well with $5 and a trunkful of goods.

In addition, he had achieved what was to him an even more important goal. Not only had he bought up the original Boorne and May collection—with photographs dating back to 1878—he sought far and wide for smaller collections and the works of itinerant photographers. Ten years after reaching Edmonton, Ernest Brown could truly boast: "If it's an old-time photograph, it's mine."

War came in August.

Overnight 26,000 people left Edmonton and district. Suddenly there were no rents coming in from the rooms in Brown's business block. Suddenly luxury lines were again dispensable. Brown had to reduce his staff to a minimum of two or three employees. In an attempt to economize on his business overhead, he was the first man in Edmonton to use slack coal for heating, a move that called for two janitors instead of one.

In 1903 Mathers photographed these western Eskimos, at midnight, when there was no such thing as snapshot photography.

Party heading for the gold fields. The light-coloured horse (centre) was Poundmaker's, the cart it is pulling belonged to Louis Riel.

"He was the night janitor," Gladys Reeves remembers.

The small hours of the morning found him planning for the day when photographs were important again, or painting pictures—some of them remarkably good.

All his life Brown had been more interested in accomplishment than in the actual symbols of success. His great collection of early negatives was not intended as a monetary investment, but as an "accomplishment." Now suddenly, he was caught in a situation that threatened everything he had worked for. On the one hand, he had the city hounding him for taxes; on the other, the finance companies demanding, if not their principal, at least the interest.

Many an old-timer lost his fortune then. Brown, Englishman that he was, fought stubbornly.

"There were actually years," quoting Miss Reeves again. "when he never went to bed without a writ or summons under his pillow."

Ernest Brown fought two years longer than the soldiers. In 1920 bailiffs literally threw him out on the streets of Edmonton—the same streets on which he had photographed a thousand faces. For good measure, they threw out his "junk" behind him, the photographs that belong to history.

Studying his story, you cannot quite escape the feeling that the photographer Ernest Brown died that day. Another man picked himself up from the dust: a radical of his time, a man embittered with a sense of injustice.

For the rest of his life he fought the errors of the economic system, as he saw it, even publishing a radical paper (for that day) *The Glow Worm*, and challenging professors of orthodox economics to public debate. His efforts at reform were genuinely unselfish, however. In his own better days, he had befriended many—immigrants, underdogs, widows without a home. He was an ideal candidate for parliamentary office, especially in Alberta. When he was urged to run, however, he found the intrigues of his fellows "sickening" and strangely disillusioning.

In 1928, the spark of photographic genius flared back to life. He took over a studio in Vegreville, not too far from Edmonton, and became absorbed anew in his neglected photographic history of the west.

Heartened by his sale to the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Brown decided it would be a good idea to produce series after series of old-time photographs. Gladys Reeves—forever his friend, and by then doing a fashionable business in Edmonton—saw a chance of repaying part of the debt she felt she owed him. Brown could make the prints in Vegreville. She would assemble them in Edmonton.

No one knows how well Brown's efforts at a comeback might have fared. Fire destroyed the Gladys Reeves Studio. Up in flames went five thousand finely-finished prints, plus all the expensive albums that were being assembled.

Perhaps Brown had a sense of precognition. At any rate, the negatives were still in Vegreville, "the cream of the collection" stored in the fireproof vaults of a local bank.

Sticking stubbornly to the comeback trail, Brown started "The North West School of Photography and Fine Arts" —practically foredoomed to failure in those depression

Fort Simpson, H B C post on Mackenzie River, at the turn of the century.

years. Undaunted, he opened a Museum which he called "The Birth of The West."

The Museum had everything—or almost—from the geological formations of the earth, to tables of vibrations from the 1st to the 62nd octave. There were visual displays of dust-storms and wind circuits; specimens from the dinosaur valleys of the Alberta badlands; five films on Magna Carta; photographs of the music of such old-time sentimental songs as *Red River Valley* and *A Lamp Shines in Red River*; photographs of Louis Riel, as well as of his signature and last words; the pioneer routes from Thunder Bay to Fort Frances, and from Edmonton to the Yellowhead Pass; even a copy of the Gettysburg Address.

Using films, slides, photographs and fossils—thousands of items, 22 truckloads in all!—Brown actually introduced visual education to the children of Alberta.

"See?" Somewhat like old Lloyd George in appearance, he had a way with children. "Long ago Alberta was covered with water—first by the Early Benton Sea, then by the Late Benton Sea. How do we know, children?" Before their entranced eyes, he would split open a specimen of rock and show them the fossilized fish within.

They loved it. Ten thousand visited his museum in 1937. Visitors came from as far as Iceland and India. Teachers wrote thousands of testimonials. Unfortunately, history was about to repeat itself for Ernest Brown.

The Edmonton Exhibition, where "Birth of the West" opened, charged him top rates for space. Indifferent officials even added a bill for outside lighting. The Museum was forced to move to a new home, the old Haddon Hall on 97th Street. Then came the war, and a war-born agency needed Haddon Hall.

Nobody wanted the Museum. Not the School Board. Not the City—not even for a sacrifice price of $10,000. Brown folded "The Birth of The West."

It was the Government of Alberta, finally, which stepped in and gave the west's most colourful photographer belated recognition at last. They bought the Museum for $50,000. Characteristically, Ernest Brown "threw in" 150,000 photographs. The negatives were willed to the people of Alberta, the copyright remaining with Miss Reeves until her death.

"Fate took me into it; fate made me follow it up," she says, as she works away at the complex recording, the task Ernest Brown did not live long enough to complete.

He spent the last seventeen years of his life writing history, working away in his rambling old river-view home till the morning sun rose over the valley of the historic North Saskatchewan.

Steeped in the lore and tradition of the west, he had no patience with the problems of the present. The City of Edmonton, bursting at its seams, wanted his property to make way for a new hill road. Brown replied that he had too little time left to waste it "moving around." The last year of his life was spent fighting an ultimatum to sell, whether he wished to or not. Ernest Brown did not wish to; and like Piapot and Poundmaker, he had a mind of his own.

The argument ended with his death on 3rd January 1951. In the spring the wrecking crews came. No one was around with a camera. ◆

Dr. Shumiatcher, Q.C., was chairman of the Saskatchewan Section of the Civil Liberties Committee of the Canadian Bar Association which recently investigated the status of Indians.

THE BUCKSKIN

Indians of the Cordillera — *Richard Harrington*

TO 175,000 Canadians, the blessings of citizenship are an empty thing. Our newest Canadians (the children in our schools and the immigrants to our shores) are instructed early and often in the virtues of a free society in which all men enjoy equal opportunities. And yet, to the oldest Canadians of all, Canada's 175,000 natives—citizenship, at best, is a thing to be ignored, and at worst, is something to be avoided and feared.

The surprising and terrible fact is that the Indian Canadian is virtually a stranger in his own land. He may once have roamed and ruled the whole of this vast country, but today he is relegated to isolation on small reserved areas. A crooked, rutted road leads to his mud and log hut. Inside, a family of five or six will be found crowded on the dirt floor that often serves as a bed. Cooking is done outside on a spit, or on a primitive wood stove. Generally without electricity or water or sewerage, these dismal cabins are the most depressing homes in Canada—and they are occupied by the most depressed of all people.

Canada's phenomenal economic prosperity has not enriched the Indian; it has only made it more difficult for him to meet the costs of his daily necessities. For the Indian Act discourages the native from engaging in commerce—it prevents him from even selling a cow without the permission of the government-appointed Superintendent on the reserve. New highways have not brought him into closer contact with other non-Indian people; they have served only to sharpen the awareness of his isolation. The native cannot participate with his white neighbours in electing a local school board or a hospital committee; his schools and hospitals are segregated and are run for him—by government-appointed officers. Modern schools have not afforded him a better education; they have only widened the gulf between the Indian and his white neighbour, for the course of studies in his schools is generally of a lower standard than in the schools of white children, and in only rare cases do redskins and paleface children attend the same classes.

If it has been the custom to regard the Indian as inferior to the non-Indian, then it should be remembered that it is we who are responsible for the Canadian Indian being what he is. If he is not regarded as self-reliant or assertive, that may well be the result of many decades of government wardship, but even that has not really detracted from many of the very attractive characteristics of the Indian. His quiet-spoken voice, his patience, his loyalty to friends, his love of children—these are traits which may not be regarded as very significant in a highly competitive, mate-

BY MAURICE C. SHUMIATCHER

CURTAIN

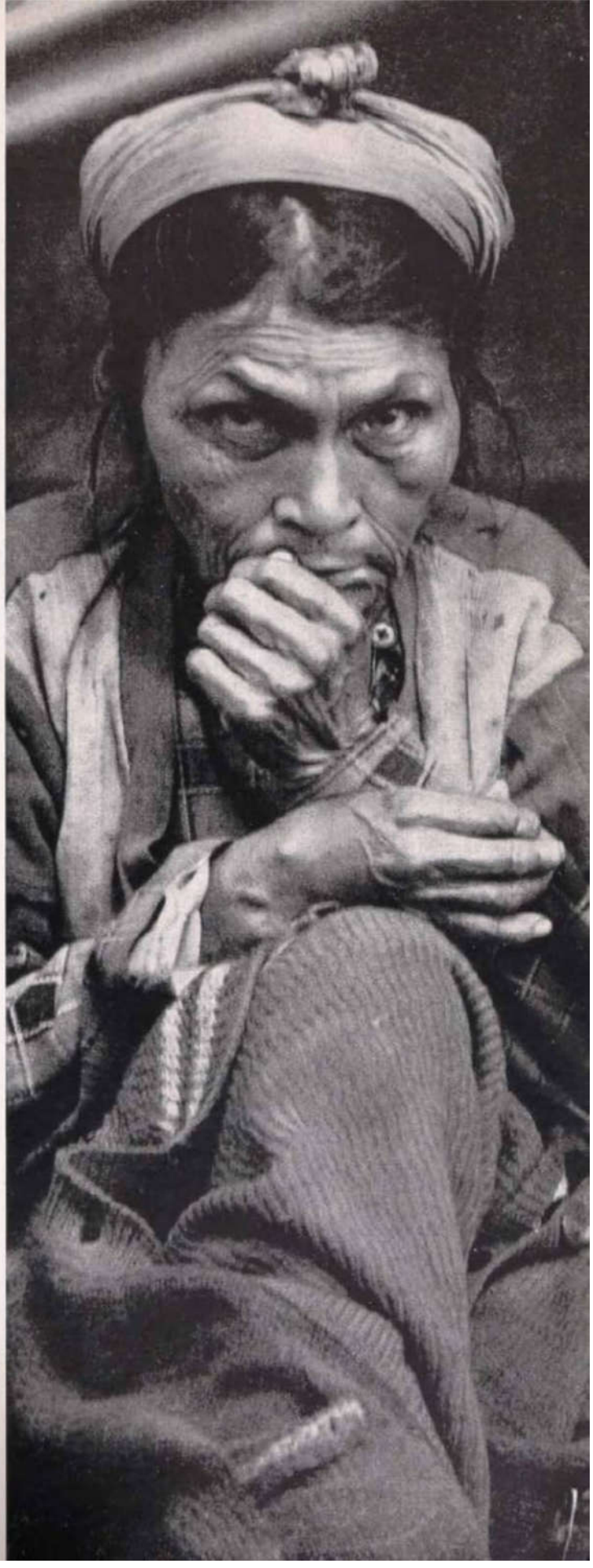
realistic society, but they can vastly enrich the Canadian national character.

It may well be asked why so great a disparity should persist between Indian Canadians and white Canadians.

As a lawyer, I cannot but think that the reason is rooted in the fact that Canada's oldest nationals rank in status and in rights below the meanest immigrant who comes to our shores. The immigrant at least may lawfully enter into contracts as a whole man. The immigrant may make a will and dispose of his property freely. He may bring whom he wishes into his own home. He can buy and drink a glass of beer or whisky. And after five years, the immigrant can gain full citizenship and vote and hold public office. Not so the Treaty Indian. Neither he nor his family can do any of these things. And if an Indian marries a woman who is a white person, her status will change and she will live under the same legal disabilities as her husband. Not long ago an English girl emigrated to Canada with her Indian husband and was shocked to learn, among other things, that she could not lawfully buy or drink a bottle of beer. Her marriage had made her a Treaty Indian. For this situation, the treaties are not to blame.

The treaties with Queen Victoria are regarded by most Indians as their Magna Carta. In surrendering to the white invader, the Indian was promised that he would be taught the white man's skills and learn his ways. He was assured that he would enjoy the comforts of the white man's houses, the speed of his horses, the fruits that the tilled land could produce and the magic of the white medicine man's bag. This was to be his right, in the words of the old Chiefs, "So long as the sun shines and the rivers flow."

Unfortunately this was not to be. It is true that the Indian left his tipi and moved into the white man's airless lodges. There he learned to eat the white man's food and he learned how devastating were the white man's diseases.



Bullaty-Lomeo

So great was the toll of malnutrition and tuberculosis, it was thought that the "Indian problem" would solve itself —by the simple process of extinction. But during the past twenty years, the Indian Canadian has learned to cope with the white man's diseases and ills. He is not in the process of extinction. On the contrary, he is growing in number and strength, and gradually, he is finding a tongue and is able to express his views. As one might expect, these views differ as much as the views of any other group, but a few facts emerge from most discussions with the Indians themselves.

First, the nineteenth century treaties with the Queen must never be scrapped for they at least reserve for the treaty Indian a corner of this vast country. This is more than the "enfranchised" metis can call his own for the metis are a dispossessed and unhappy lot of men who so often are seen living on the road allowances on the periphery of the villages and towns of the west. The metis' right to vote produces for him pitifully few visible benefits.

Secondly, I think the Indian Canadian wishes to enlarge the world in which he lives beyond the buckskin curtain of his reserve. He may not be interested in becoming a citizen in the abstract sense, but he does wish his children to attend the white man's schools which may be close at hand. He would like to be able to enter every place open to the white man without being rejected because of his colour. And he would also like to share with the white man the rights and the responsibilities of government, at least the governing of his own affairs and those that affect him in the municipality or county in which he lives.

If this means that he will grow into a citizen, he is prepared to be a citizen. Unfortunately, at the present time, becoming a citizen means that he must renounce the rights which his ancestors secured from the Queen almost a century ago. The Indian is given the hard choice of either remaining treaty bound—without status as a citizen—or of becoming a Canadian citizen by forsaking the rights guaranteed him by treaty.

To me, there appears nothing inconsistent or contradictory in the concept of Indian Canadians sharing in the rights of citizenship and at the same time enjoying the special benefits that the treaties grant them. The approach to our Indian neighbours should be based not on legislative doctrines but on the needs of the native people as compared to the needs of others in the community. There can be no denying that *their* need is greater than ours. It is, therefore, not inconsistent with the principles of good citizenship that this group should continue to be specially exempt from taxation; and that they should receive special grants to aid them in building houses; or to assist in their technical training; or that special medical care should be accorded them.

A tidy house on a Swampy Cree reserve.

The nurse treats a group of woodland Indians. They are visited by a doctor, who lives 200 miles away, twice a year.

Our society teems with citizens who enjoy special status. Mothers who receive allowances for their children, deserted wives, old age pensioners, unemployed persons all are accorded special rights. Then why not Indian Canadians when they become full-fledged citizens? Why should they not continue to receive free medical and hospital care, special annual grants and exemption from taxation? The Indian has had a gap of two thousand years of civilization to span in less than a century and he deserves special care and special concern of a society desirous of raising him to a level of equality with other groups in the community.

The Indian, I think, is not impressed by the status of "citizenship" alone, for "feathers do not make a great warrior." There can be no miracle in an Act of Parliament which merely declares Indians to be citizens of Canada. While citizenship is a necessary prerequisite if the Indian is to fulfil himself in the white man's society, it is not in written declarations, but rather in conduct and in deeds that the Indian people will find their way out of the wilderness. What is meaningful to him is not the declaration of Parliament, but the disposition of people. Whether he be enfranchised or not, so long as the Indian is regarded as something of a savage, he will be a savage. So long as he is not respected, he will have no self-respect. And so long as (because of his colour or his ancestry) he is treated as an inferior, he will be inferior, and nothing will be changed, whatever Parliament may declare him to be.

If we ask the Indian to change, we must ourselves change. It is our own attitudes of mind which must change if the Indian Canadian is to feel at home again in his own country. However laws may change and however the outer trappings of his habit may alter, nothing will really change until in our hearts we feel him to be a fellow citizen. For, otherwise, the Indian will say to us (as a greater social worker once said):

"If you discriminate against me because I am dirty, I can wash myself.

"If you discriminate against me because I am bad, I can reform and be good.

"If you discriminate against me because I am ignorant, I can learn.

"If you discriminate against me because I am ill-mannered, I can improve my manners.

"*But*, if you discriminate against me because of my colour, or my race, you discriminate against me because of something which God himself gave me, and over which *I* have no control." ✦

Joe and Hannah

BY LESLIE H. NEATBY

Dr. Neatby, author of "In Quest of the North West Passage" is professor and head of the classics department at Acadia University.

The illustrations are from Hall's "Life Among the Esquimaux," Harper, N.Y. 1865; Nourse's "Second Arctic Expedition made by Charles F. Hall," Washington 1879; Tyson's "Arctic Experiences," Harris, N.Y. 1874.

ALTHOUGH in the more primitive regions occupied in the last five hundred years by the expanding powers of Europe the help of the natives was an indispensable part of the work of discovery and exploitation, the aborigines have contributed little to the intelligent direction of the work in which they assisted. Their role has usually been the humble one of guide, carrier, and interpreter, unless, as in the case of Hearne's friend, Matonabbee, close association has given them sympathy with the habits of the immigrant race. For the rest, in Africa, America, and the islands of the south, the part played by the raw savage in the work of discovery has been useful, but undistinguished.

The Eskimos of Greenland and North America form a sharp exception to this rule. They have generally been more intelligent, more loyal, especially to the distressed, and have shown a manly disposition to command as well as to yield respect. An example is Hans Hendrick, the Greenland native, whose help probably made the difference between extinction and survival to the party of Dr. Kane in 1853-55. Another example is the Eskimo Augustus whose initiative, courage, and ready diplomacy preserved Franklin and his men in 1826 from robbery and murder on the Mackenzie. The most striking case of all is furnished by the couple, Ebierbing and Tookoolito ("Joe" and "Hannah"), the friends and mentors of Charles Francis Hall.

Both husband and wife were born in the region of Cumberland Gulf. Hall tells us that Ebierbing belonged to a family marked by its intelligence, and it was no doubt this quality which drew the attention of the English whaler, Bolby, and prompted him to offer the couple a trip to England. The proposal was accepted: Ebierbing and Tookoolito spent two years, 1851 to 1853, in England, where they caused a considerable sensation and were even the guests of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Tookoolito always spoke of the former as "kind, and very much lady."

Reception at a palace is more often the end than the beginning of a career, especially in the case of a savage, for whom civilized luxuries usually spell physical and moral decay. Ebierbing and Tookoolito were not so constituted: they tired of being an idle gazing-stock, and returned to Baffin Island as fit as ever for the life in which they had been reared, though not despising the arts they had learned while absent from it. Tookoolito tried to teach knitting and other useful skills to the Eskimo women, while her husband obtained occasional employment as pilot to the whalers which plied their trade up and down the coast. They were thus engaged in 1860 when Hall arrived on the *George Henry* in Rescue Harbour, north of Frobisher Bay.

The newcomer was, in his own way, as remarkable a character as the Eskimos who befriended him. The son of a blacksmith, and by profession a journalist, he was a visionary of unusual persistence in bringing his fanciful plans to fruition. Throughout the decade 1850-60 he had been deeply interested in the Franklin search, and had vainly solicited employment in some British expedition. In 1860 he managed to raise funds for an expedition of his own, and arrived on the coast of Baffin Land with the fantastic scheme of acquiring Eskimo language and skills, and of then sailing to King William Island by boat to add to the findings of McClintock and Hobson. (Frobisher Bay, be it noted, was still designated as a strait). He achieved his purpose after nine years, and throughout that period Ebierbing and Tookoolito were his constant guides and counsellors.

Charles Francis Hall with his friends Tookoolito and Ebierbing who became known as Hannah and Joe.

He made the acquaintance of this couple on board the *George Henry* shortly after his arrival in the harbour. An Eskimo woman visited him in his cabin in the preposterous garb of "crinoline, heavy flounces, an attenuated toga, and an immensely expanded 'kiss-me quick' bonnet. . . . She was the Tookoolito I had so much desired to see," writes Hall. "She spoke my own language fluently, and there, seated in the main cabin, I had a long and interesting conversation with her. Ebierbing, her husband—a fine, and also intelligent-looking man—was introduced to me, and though not speaking English so well as his wife, yet I could talk with him tolerably well."

A few days later when stranded on shore by a blizzard, Hall took the opportunity of repaying this visit. Calling at the tupik (skin tent) of Ebierbing he found the master absent and the mistress to his surprise and amusement knitting socks for her husband. Tookoolito produced a kettle and a canister of black tea, enquired, "Do you take it strong?" and prepared him a cup. She and her husband, she said, were supplied by the whalers, and drank it regularly.

" 'By-the-by' Tookoolito said to me during the entertainment just described, 'I feel very sorry that many of the whaling people are very bad, making the Innuits bad too; they swear very much, and make our people swear. I wish they would not do so. . . . It is a very bad practice, I believe'."

Hall observed how much a few such persons, properly trained, could do to bring about a healthy adjustment of the Eskimos to the new influences that were flooding in upon them, and drew a contrast between the conditions he had noted in Greenland and those on the American side of Davis Strait. This criticism was written ninety-eight years ago.

Confronted with the harsh realities of the life he had long dreamed of Hall did not flinch or spare himself in his self-appointed task. In January he cut himself off from the ship, and with Ebierbing, Tookoolito, and other natives travelled north to Cornelius Grinnell Bay for an outing of forty-two days. He braved the dangers of sea ice telescoping and crumbling in a gale, shared in the handling of dogs and the construction of igloos, and studied the method of seal-hunting in winter. Much of Stefansson's weighty learning on this theme is anticipated in the rambling, unpretentious pages of the American journalist.

Besides initiating him into a new way of life the friendly couple helped him to a final solution of an old historical problem. The identity of the so-called Frobisher Strait with the first landfall of the old Elizabethan seaman had been generally accepted, but never conclusively proved. Ebierbing now told Hall that popular belief was supported

Ebierbing going out on his hunt.

The "Polaris" drifting away, leaving Tyson and party marooned on the ice floe.

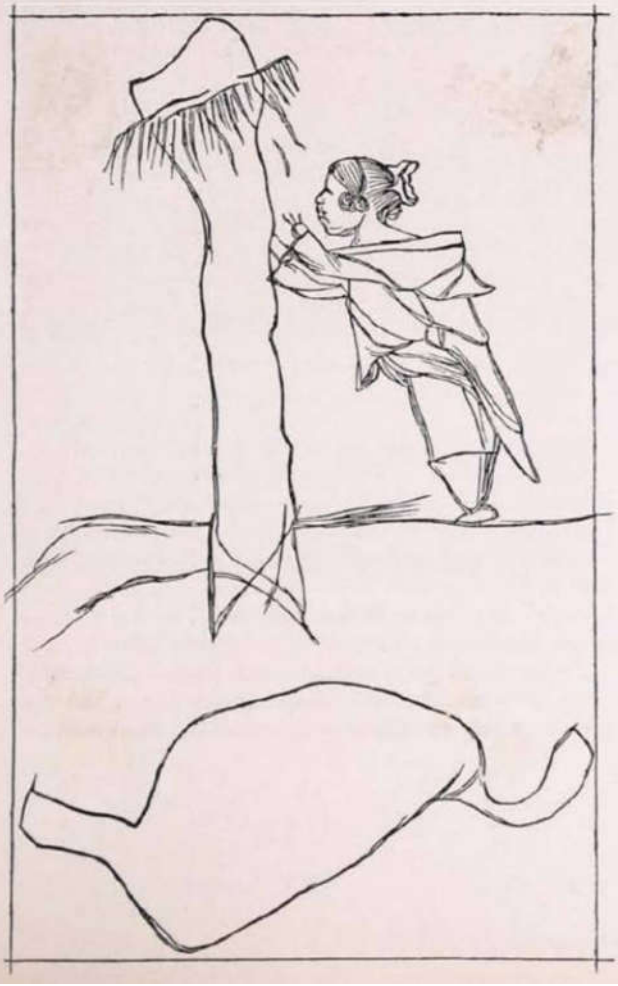
by Eskimo tradition, and presented him to his grandmother, the aged Ookijoxy Ninoo, whose mind was a storehouse of ancient lore. The old woman's version of the voyages made three hundred years before was amazingly exact. She said that ships had come "every year"—explained as "for three consecutive years"—first two, then two or three, and then very many. Five men, the number reported missing by Frobisher, had spent a winter with the natives, and then had fashioned a boat in which they sailed away and doubtless perished. In confirmation of the story she said that traces of the white men, fragments of brick, coal, and wood, could still be seen on Niountelik Island on the north side of the "strait."

Hall's boat had been wrecked in an autumn gale, but he borrowed another from the whalers, and in August and September, 1861, passed from Cyrus Field south to Frobisher Bay where he made an extended cruise. He confirmed the Eskimo report that the strait was a bay, and charted its upper limits. Ebierbing, who had aided Hall in gathering an Eskimo crew, had been detained by the illness of Tookoolito, and so was not present when the site of the modern Frobisher Bay station was discovered. On the way back Hall examined Noiuntelik and Kodlunarn Islands, and found traces, including the foundations of Frobisher's old house, which identified the Bay beyond all doubt. His report, when transmitted to the Royal Geographical Society, was rather patronisingly received. The Arctic explorers, Back and Osborn, declared that it was already fairly well understood that the so-called strait was a bay. But the relics picked up on Kodlunarn Island, when forwarded, secured him abundant recognition in learned circles. Little acknowledgment, however, was made of the Eskimo Ebierbing, who had prompted the search and pointed the way to its successful completion.

In the autumn of 1862 Hall returned to the United States accompanied by Ebierbing and Tookoolito, who seem to have adapted and re-adapted themselves to different cultures in the most casual manner. Tookoolito favoured the change: she had acquired European notions of the marriage tie, and felt surer of her husband's fidelity in puritan New England than in the laxer society of Frobisher Bay. Thus they were able to share in their

patron's next venture, an overland journey from Repulse Bay to King William Island. Five whole seasons (1864-69) were spent in this enterprise. The error of a whaling mate turned the travellers adrift short of their intended base, and a whole year was wasted in setting themselves up at Repulse Bay. The next year the journey was abandoned because the Eskimo helpers recruited on the spot professed themselves afraid to encounter the natives who dwelt beyond the Boothia Isthmus. An unfortunate and tragic attempt to obtain help from white volunteers of the whaling trade wasted another season; in 1868 the ever-credulous Hall suffered himself to be turned aside by the rumour of monuments and living white men near Fury and Hecla Strait. In 1869 the journey to King William Island was accomplished, and Hall with Ebierbing as interpreter made considerable, though not wholly trustworthy additions to knowledge of the Franklin disaster. Throughout those years of frustrated and misdirected endeavour the two Eskimos stood by him with unwearying loyalty, and to them as much as to him the measure of success was due.

The discoverer's reputation was now such as to procure him generous public support. The United States Government equipped and manned the converted tug, *Polaris*,



Old Ookijoxy Ninoo in her tupik relates to Hall the traditions of her people.

and gave Hall command with orders to follow in the track of Kane through Smith Sound, on to the Polar Sea, and, if possible, to the Pole. Ebierbing and Tookoolito accompanied him as before; Kane's Hans Hendrick was also taken on board with his family at Upernavik in Greenland. The course of the cruise is no concern of this narrative. Through Hall's death and dissensions among his officers a brilliant initial success was not exploited.

In the autumn of 1872 the *Polaris*, battered, leaky, and beset, drifted south out of Smith Sound. On the evening of October 15 she was heavily smitten by a mass of ice; a panic cry arose that she was sinking, and in a confused *mêlée* the men began lowering boats and throwing supplies on to the floe to which the ship was anchored. Tyson, the second-in-command took some seamen on to the ice to give these an orderly arrangement, and thither the Eskimos followed him with their families. A sudden squall tore the ship from her moorings; the ice sheet and those on it disappeared into the gloom. The next day as the lamed *Polaris* was struggling towards land they were made out in the distance from the masthead, but soon faded from sight. That was on October 16, north of latitude 78°. On the 30th of the following April they were picked up by a Newfoundland sealer a little to the north of Belle Isle Strait. Crouched in their snow huts, enduring darkness, cold, exposure to every wind, and on the edge of starvation, they had drifted two thousand miles, and everyone, including five children, had come through alive. This miraculous achievement may be credited in part to the steady good sense of Tyson, but mainly to the skill, patience and loyalty of Ebierbing, Tyson's "Esquimau Joe."

The party on the ice consisted of Tyson, Meyer the astronomer, eight seamen, chiefly of German origin, Ebierbing and Tookoolito, with their one child, Hans and his wife, with their four, nineteen in all. The two officers quartered themselves in a separate igloo, but Meyer soon tired of protocol and joined his countrymen in the main

Ookijoxy Ninoo's drawing of herself at the monument near a freshwater lake said to have been erected by the first white men (Frobisher's party) in the country. The Eskimos attached gifts of meat, arrows, beads, to the strings at the top.

hut, and Tyson passed the winter with Ebierbing and his family.

The supplies flung on the ice were quite inadequate; seal were their only resource. In the darkness and bitter winds Ebierbing hunted assiduously: "Joe is one of the best hunters to be found, if there is anything to catch." Hans was mentally disturbed and less effective. He was upset at Tyson's partiality for Joe, and, brought up in a Greenland settlement, he lacked Joe's superb confidence in naked battle with the forces of nature.

The peevishness of hunger caused bad feeling between Tyson and the sailors, but the former steadily ignored ice to Baffin Island; but for some time the two men were constantly armed and ready. Tyson could not enforce a fair distribution of the seal that were caught. Often when the Eskimos were dragging home their kill the men would come crawling out of their hut, lay hold of the carcass, and cut it up to suit themselves. But no coarse ill-usage could sour Joe or dampen his buoyant optimism. Sitting with Tyson and drinking the greasy water in which sealskin had been boiled, he observed jovially: "Anything is good that don't poison you." "Yes," responded Tyson, "anything that will sustain life"—an amusing contrast in diction.

Eskimo stalking a seal. Hall's rough sketches were the basis for the illustrations in his book.

provocation in order to retain influence when intelligent direction was again needed.

For a time seal were hard to find, and Ebierbing began to fear that the men were plotting cannibalism with himself and the other Eskimos as the first victims. Tyson was appalled at the suggestion: "If it is God's will that we should die by starvation, why, let us die like men, not like brutes, tearing each other to pieces." His advice and the entreaties of Tookoolito, who had transferred to Tyson the loyalty formerly paid to "Father Hall," prevailed on Ebierbing to give up the dangerous plan of crossing the

The southward drift grew more rapid, and with the coming of spring and the rapid dissolution of the ice Tyson's steady avoidance of an embittered quarrel bore fruit. He was able to resume control and pack his company harmoniously into a single boat which, with low freeboard, rose to the swell with alarming sluggishness. A few days brought them alongside a sealing vessel to end a cruise which, but for the ineptitude of its historians, would have ranked the team of Tyson and Joe with Bligh or Shackleton.

On their return to the United States Tyson and Joe were promptly re-enlisted in an expedition to rescue the

remnant of the *Polaris* crew, and here we obtain one of the all-too rare glimpses of Joe's private personality. Hans was shipped as a gentleman passenger for return to Greenland. Joe, as a paid seaman, had duties assigned him. But he took advantage of the fact that he alone could communicate freely with Hans and explain his status, to make the latter his drudge and so employ him until he was put ashore at Upernavik. "Knowledge is power," observes Tyson, "even for an Esquimau."

With this duty performed the Eskimo couple retired to Groton, Connecticut, where Hall had bought them a house. Some eighteen months later their adopted daughter, who

Joe, as pictured by a New York photographer.

had been with them on the ice floe, died, and there, the following year, 1876, Tookoolito died. Her aging husband "could not rest from travel." He obtained employment

Hannah, photographed professionally in her American days.

both with the United States Fishery Service and with the British *Pandora* expedition, and in 1878 became Schwatka's interpreter on his journey from Marble Island to King William Island in search of the Franklin records. Hall and Schwatka together confirmed and made many additions to the findings of McClintock and Hobson in this field. Ebierbing was the "key of knowledge" to both.

The story of Ebierbing and Tookoolito typifies the ancient saying that the greatest hero is doomed to oblivion, unless he finds an inspired poet to record his deeds. Hall and Tyson were neither inspired as authors nor fortunate in their editors. In *Schwatka's Search* the Eskimos figure like the mute attendants on an eastern despot. In general the Americans lacked the *camaraderie* and warm sympathy of the British discoverers, Lyon and Back. Yet the bare record gives the Eskimo couple a high place in arctic exploration in the period which separates the last voyage of McClintock from the flight of the first aeroplane. They may be fairly said to have "made" Hall, Tyson, and Schwatka; and by so doing to have furnished invaluable lessons to those who came after them. Schwatka showed Peary how to live off the land; Ebierbing is the unacknowledged master of Stefansson. The former would have floated on his ice cake down Baffin Bay with as much nonchalance as the latter across the Beaufort Sea, had he had his family only to provide for, and not a flock of greedy, cormorant seamen. The growing settlement of Frobisher Bay might well be the site of a monument to the pair of Eskimos who were the "Grey Eminences" behind two decades of arctic travel and discovery. ♦

Larry Dignum has lived in many parts of Canada, in close association with the Army and the Rangers, both during the war years and since.

SHADOW ARMY OF THE NORTH

BY LARRY DIGNUM

WHAT are the chances of an enemy agent or a fugitive from justice hiding out in Canada's North? Pretty slim, for actually it's easier to hide in a crowd than in these great vacant spaces. Here the stranger may meet only prospectors, miners, or trappers, who may be Indian, Eskimo or white, but sooner or later word of his presence will reach the authorities through the Canadian Rangers, and his progress may be unaccountably delayed till he's been investigated.

The Canadian Rangers are an auxiliary force of the Reserve Militia under the Department of National Defence. They patrol the lonely places of Canada and are a potential guerilla army. They are an outgrowth of the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers, so a backward look at that little-known organization gives a realistic picture of this present one.

The PCMRs were organized early in 1942 as an auxiliary corps for defence against the Japanese. They were made up of residents in all parts of British Columbia and as far north as Dawson City in the Yukon. Among them were fishermen, trappers, ranchers, loggers, storekeepers, railway hands, miners and road maintenance men, white and Indian alike. All were trained to provide information, report suspicious activities and, if necessary, resist enemy landing, and their motto was Vigilance, Integrity and Silence.

Many of them were skilled woodsmen and hunters who could shoot, stalk, and track over any sort of country. The Canadian Government issued them with "dry-backs," loose canvas coat and trousers that shed the rain, and a wide brimmed fisherman's type hat. They were also provided with a rifle and an annual allotment of ammunition and every Ranger carried a rope fitted with toggles so it could be joined with other ropes.

The PCMRs were loosely organized in companies but carried on their regular occupations, functioning more as individuals than as teams. They trained on their own at

The general and the ranger—one of the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers in 1945.

week-ends, and periodically they were inspected by the general officer commanding at Vancouver. At first they attempted the conventional line formation with presentation of arms, but this was not very successful and a newly arrived G.O.C. on his first inspection of a company in the Fraser Valley suggested that they concentrate instead on

The short stocky major-general surveyed the wilderness around him. There wasn't another human sound, nor a soul in sight. He wasn't prepared for this and he fixed piercing eyes on the man in front of him.

"And when am I to inspect your company, Captain?" he asked testily.

Rangers (right) meet friendly forces, men of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, on a military exercise at Norman Wells in the Northwest Territories.

scouting and stalking, practising the techniques of surprise and cunning to confound an enemy.

Word passed quickly through the Rangers that the new general wanted scouts, not soldiers. The next time that G.O.C. inspected a company he arrived with his staff officer at the appointed time and place, a wide clearing in the bushland bordering the Fraser Canyon. To greet him was a lone figure in loose canvas clothing with rifle slung on his shoulder.

"Are you the Ranger Captain?" asked the general.

"Yes sir."

"Is this where I'm to inspect your company?"

"Yes sir."

"Whenever you're ready sir."

The fiery little man exploded.

"I'm ready NOW!" he roared.

The Ranger captain raised his arm and a volley of rifle fire filled the air. Suddenly up from the ground, from behind trees, bushes and cover of any sort Rangers appeared and advancing in a body, formed a circle around the two staff officers and their captain.

The general was completely surprised and confounded but took the joke on himself with good grace and complimented them on their clever tactics.

The Rangers served without pay and there were no age restrictions, but most of them were either too old or too

An Eskimo ranger with dogteam receives information from soldiers in their "Penguin" near Churchill.

young to join the armed forces. On an all-day anti-sabotage exercise one Sunday the G.O.C. was invited to attend. He arrived with two members of his staff, and leaving the car on the road, started walking into the bush where the exercise was to be held. As expected, there was no one in sight, but as they rounded a curve in the trail a high cracked voice shouted: "Halt!"

From behind a large boulder stepped an ancient white bearded Ranger, rifle aimed steadily in their direction.

"Come for'ard one at a time and say who ye be," he ordered.

The general advanced and presented his credentials, then stood by while the other two officers did likewise. Having been cleared and recognized, the general started to chat with the old man who said he had been in the Rangers from the start.

"Wouldn't you have a better view of all approaches at a higher level?" asked the G.O.C.

"Aye, that I would," agreed the old fellow, "But me legs ain't good enough to climb. I gotta good eye, though, an' I kin shoot!"

"I'm sure you can," the general assured him. "And you're doing a fine job. Nevertheless I don't think you should be alone. Three desperate men could have overpowered you."

"Shucks! I ain't alone."

He blew a short blast on his whistle, and forty feet away from the little group a pint-sized Ranger rose up out of the ground, his rifle covering the three officers but a wide grin splitting his freckled face. Grand-dad and grandson, aged eighty-five and thirteen respectively, were both Rangers and represented the extremes of the age bracket.

The PCMRs served in a variety of ways. They patrolled regions where they lived and with which they were familiar, and any stranger in that area roused suspicion. The road workers, railway men, postmasters, Rangers all, noted the newcomer and passed the word along. Except in emergency, they took no action and travellers were rarely aware that they were observed all along the line.

The Rangers were specially valuable in search and rescue when aircraft were lost in the mountains, and also provided much needed topographical information, but they were never used for guard duty. This was the role of the Military, but they did take part in exercises with the Services, using their scouting skills and guerilla tactics to reveal weaknesses in defences thought to be secure.

In the spring of 1945 the Japanese launched incendiary balloons that drifted across the Pacific to this continent, but the close watch of the Rangers prevented any serious conflagrations in the forests, and they recovered so many bits and pieces of the balloons that the Royal Canadian Engineers at Chilliwack were able to reconstruct and study this gimcrack weapon.

When the Pacific War ended in 1945, the PCMRs were disbanded. But in 1947 National Defence Headquarters recognized the contribution they had made in guarding the West Coast, and decided that such a body of men would be of value in peace time too, and would provide a nucleus for rapid expansion if another war broke out.

Consequently the Ranger organization was revived but with a wider concept. Today from the Pacific to the Atlantic Oceans there are Rangers in isolated and sparsely populated areas where there is no other practical means of surveillance, and they do for all Canada what the PCMRs did for British Columbia.

Still functioning as individuals, they carry out their duties in conjunction with their regular jobs. The company unit is for control and administration, providing a two-way channel for information, often through Hudson's Bay posts. Even in peace time there is the need to report suspicious activities, to guide, to search, to rescue, and to supply vital information about the formidable country they live in. If necessary the Canadian Rangers will assist in local defence until the arrival of regular troops.

When on duty they wear a scarlet armband with the three maple leaves of the Canadian Army superimposed on a crossed rifle and axe. They have no uniforms, receive no pay, seek no glory, but these men of known loyalty, Indian, Eskimo and white, take pride in standing on guard in the empty and remote parts of Canada with vigilance and integrity, and in silence. ◆

Miss Ryan, a welfare teacher with the Department of Northern Affairs wrote this article while in Alaska on a year's leave of absence.

STOREKEEPING TEACHERS

BY JOAN RYAN

THE northern lands have seen many strange things, and one of them was our attempt to run a sub-store for the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the summer of 1957, Joyce Yamamoto and I were assigned as welfare teachers to the seasonal school at Lac la Martre, northwest of Yellowknife, in the Northwest Territories. Our job was to teach some English to the Dogrib Indians who congregated in the fish camp for the four summer months. We also were encouraged to develop projects which would improve the standard of living in the community. Joyce and I were employed by the Department of Northern Affairs and it was the first time that women had been sent to this settlement. We hoped that our contribution to the community would consist of teaching child care, home arts and general improvement in living and health conditions.

The Indians receive a monthly family allowance cheque which varies in amount depending on the number of dependent children. In addition, some of the older people receive old age pension cheques and some have money coming in from other sources. In order to spend this money, the Lac la Martre Indians must travel to the next settlement of Fort Rae. By canoe this is close to 100 miles and there is a five-mile portage each way round the falls. This means that the Indians spend some of their money on gas for the trip, and that they can only bring back as much as they can carry over the portage. Thus the Indians often squander their money in card games in Rae after they purchase their ruck-sack full of goods, and sometimes before!

Joyce and I discussed the matter and decided that we would try to radio the orders to Fort Rae and save the Indians the trip down. Planes coming through Fort Rae to La Martre would bring the orders in if the weight load permitted. At 6.45 each evening radio operators monitoring 4270 could listen in on our traffic.

"ELJ 67 calling Rae Bay, ELJ 67 to Rae Bay, are you by?"

If atmospherics were good we would soon hear the cheerful response of our friend C. D. Stevens, the Bay manager at Rae:

"Rae Bay to ELJ 67, ah, you're booming in, Joan, and how are things tonight?"

"ELJ 67 to Rae Bay: Not too much happening here, Doug, but we have lots of orders; how's your shorthand tonight?"

"Go ahead La Martre; we're all set."

For the next ten minutes we would transmit our motley orders which might include everything from five cents worth of candy to a tin of chewing tobacco or 100 pounds

of flour. Always there would be plenty of orders for the staples: tea, tobacco, sugar, baking powder, flour. And finally we would acknowledge Doug's sign off.

"Roger, roger, Joan, I read that all okay. We'll get these packed up and maybe the warden's plane on Wednesday will be able to take it in. Don't work too hard and we'll see you tomorrow night."

"Roger Doug, and good night to you and Anne, there. ELJ 67 signing clear with Rae Bay and standing by."

Usually each night we would go through this same routine. One difficulty that arose was that when we had other traffic to transmit or other stations were standing by to contact with a radiogram or other business, the orders hampered efficient radio business. If we took longer than our allotted 15 minutes, seldom would any one break in on us, but we were violating radio courtesy and using up someone else's sched time.

With these pros and cons in mind, when it came time to write our report at the end of the season, Joyce and I decided to submit a recommendation that gross commodities of basic supplies be shipped in to the teachers at the start of the school in May. The teachers could then operate a sub-store. We thought this would save the Bay manager the trouble of packing individual orders and us the trouble of transmitting each order and checking it when it arrived. We were to learn later that we had not assessed the situation as accurately as we had thought.

Our recommendation went in. Both from the Hudson's Bay office and our own Director's desk came the okay with a word of warning that such experiments had not proved successful in the past, but if we were enthusiastic they would support us in our efforts. We could try. It is a great credit to both agencies that they do not permit their own knowledge to hinder experimentation. Such flexibility is the vitalizing force behind the field people who learn by trying—and many times have ideas which work and make excellent contributions to the development of the north.

And so our store came into existence. We made arrangements to meet Mr. Gordon Bremner, then Mackenzie River District manager, who operated out of the H B C Edmonton office.

Since Joyce was unable to return to work for the four-month period, my new co-worker was Anne Will. We met in Edmonton and went together to learn about our summer operation. We picked up petty cash, counterslips, and invoices of the merchandise which were waiting for us in Yellowknife. As the project was considered a welfare, not a commercial one, we were able to get a licence waiver from the Commissioner of the Northwest Territories.

In Yellowknife we spent an afternoon with Scotty Gall, the Bay manager of the local stores, and picked out substitutes for the items he did not have on hand. As always, freight was a problem and he was still waiting for a shipment to arrive. We headed northwest on a small plane which was packed with supplies, and touched down at Fort Rae to confer with Doug Stevens. Since all La Martre cheques went to the Rae Bay, Doug would keep us posted on credit standing of our Indians and they could buy within that limit only. On we flew to La Martre, still confident.

Storage space is always a problem in the north where there are few basements and outside storage is not practical, but we managed to pack away all our stock. We had some in the utility room (which had no utilities), some in

C. D. Stevens in the store he manages for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Rae.

C. D. Stevens

Supplies are piled up as the treaty feast gets under way at Fort Rae.

the store room, some in the kitchen and some under our beds!

Knowing the complete disregard that the Indians, and most northerners for that matter, have for time, Anne and I decided to be very firm about store hours. We would open store on Monday and Thursday nights from 7 to 10 p.m. We advised the chief and told our caretaker-interpreter, Jonas, to be on hand and on 10 May 1958 we were in business.

I knew the people's names from the previous summer—it had taken me all summer to sort them out. So, I made out bills while Anne parcelled up orders. The names are rather interesting but highly confusing. We had five Nitsiza families, three Moosenoses, and several who changed from Kc'a to Zoe to Pig as the spirit moved them since they were all synonyms. To the untrained white mind this posed problems.

For several weeks, life was gay. The store ran smoothly, people had money, our interpreter mixed the orders only once every five or so times and the books balanced every night.

Then trouble came in the guise of prosperity—a unique problem in an Indian settlement. The men had worked on the road which will eventually connect the provinces with the arctic coast. The Rae-Yellowknife segment had been under construction during the 1957-58 winter and our boys had been on the crew. They had more money than we anticipated and consequently we were under-supplied. Our stock gave out. It was only June, no supply boats were due for some time so Rae Bay could not give us much help. Mr. Bremner was due in July with stock. But in the meantime, we were without.

To the Indians, tea and tobacco are the staff of life. They cannot exist without either. Because we had brought the goods from the back storeroom and they had never seen the shelves, the Indians felt there was a never-ending supply. It was incomprehensible that we would have no more. Every night, not only store nights, came the knock on the door. One night it would be Jeremy who would come in, sit down, smile pleasantly and then say hopefully: "Lidi?"

Anne and I took turns answering: 'No, Jeremy, we have no tea."

"Taodi?"

"No, we have nothing."

Jeremy would shrug his shoulders, rise and head for the door saying, "Nisilait—that's bad."

Anne and I would smile at each other and go on with our work and wonder when the next visitor would arrive.

In about fifteen minutes, Jeremy would be back with Jonas, our interpreter. Jonas knew we had nothing, but he'd come anyway to ask. Jeremy had asked Jonas to come as he was afraid we had not understood. Jeremy would speak for five minutes and Jonas would turn and say: "You got tea?"

"Jonas, you know we have no tea."

"I tell him but he want me to ask."

"Okay, Jonas, you tell Jeremy that we have nothing to sell. We are hoping the plane will come soon with things for you." About this time some of the teen-agers would sneak in the door to check on things. At the word plane, their faces would light and one would ask, "Tomorrow, plane?" With great disgust they received our "ennh," the Indian guttural sound for "no."

C. D. Stevens

Eliza Adam, a Dogrib Indian, learnt English and French in four years at mission school. Richard Finnie

These are the children of the Mackenzie district to whom education means so much. Trevor Lloyd

This ritual continued for three weeks and we were getting as desperate as they were. Then the younger men decided to go by canoe to Rayrock, the uranium mine about 45 miles southwest of La Martre. They took off on a lovely afternoon with money from all, including the teachers, for tobacco and tea. They returned the following day and there was great rejoicing. This relieved the pressure slightly. However, the Indians make tea in a 3-1 mix: one part tea, one part sugar, and one part water. As a result one pound of tea lasts about two sessions.

We remember June 26th as "aircraft day." The isolation of northern villages is often true, but, in summer, verges on the mythical. After having had no planes in for five weeks, we suddenly had three. Union Oil surveyors arrived about five o'clock with their field party in a Beaver aeroplane and a helicopter. They traded fresh meat for the cooks' time. While we were getting supper, another shout of *eneegleegêta* went up from the kids and sure enough an Otter was soon circling the village. It turned out to be freight for the school. As we were unloading it, another Beaver appeared and the H B C ensign was visible as it buzzed us. Mr. Bremner and the pilot emerged saying the barges had just pulled into Fort Rae with the freight for the Department and the Bay and that things were too confusing. They had decided to come directly to La Martre where it would be quiet! When the air cleared, we all sat down to steak dinners and a good laugh. The whole village clustered outside in hopes that we might unload the plane. We decided to wait till morning since it was impossible to open store that night.

We spent the early morning hours going over the accounts and came out relatively even. However, we had no master account and things were not balanced off between our stock list and Rae Bay's debit against us. Mr. Bremner set up a master account and it promised to make accounting much simpler on both sides.

With the new system, the cheques now came to us. We used this as a means of getting the women to buy for themselves, since, strictly speaking, they were the only ones who were supposed to receive the cheques. This was a new experience for all concerned. The men grudgingly agreed to the idea. They remained to supervise the purchases, or they would take part of the money, get their tobacco and then hand the change to their wives. It was rather interesting to watch the developments. The women often finished by buying things for the men, while the men sat and suggested the women get themselves new kerchiefs.

Anne had devised an ingenious display system, and the women used to glow as they handled the brightly coloured kerchiefs. It often took as long as fifteen minutes to decide on a scarf. As she picked up each one, the men would sit and grunt "*nisi, nisi*—nice, nice" or, "*nisilaii*"

A Dogrib chief, Jimmie Brun, greets the Indian agent.
Richard Finnie

if they didn't like it. Meanwhile the women would be sitting saying "*Ayee,*" which was broadly interpreted as meaning "Isn't this strange."

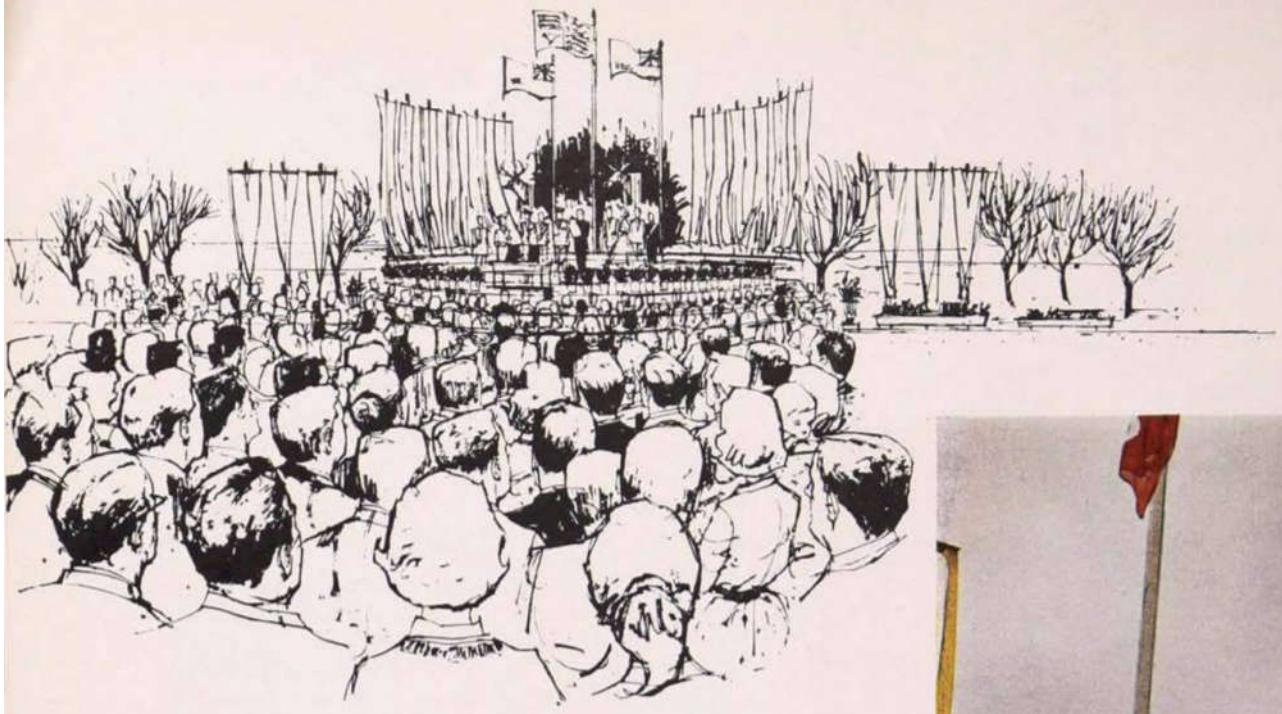
Many of the men and women learned to sign their names to their cheques. We tried to promote this as a learning situation. Cheques are accepted if signed by an X, when witnessed. Some of the younger people enjoyed learning and were proud of their accomplishment. Many of the older people were afraid to try.

Eventually, we tried to dispense with the interpreter. Anne would set up her display and the customers would point to the item. We would say the English name and they would try it. They would then say it in Dogrib and we would try. This made for a great many laughs and if "nails" and "pails" got confused and some people took home salt instead of soap, no harm was done. If nothing more, the experiment disproved the popular misconception that Indians are passive.

Treaty time is always holiday time. On treaty day, government officials fly from village to village to give the Indians their bounty, hold tribal meetings, collect trapping licences, and the medical team examines, X-rays and immunizes the group. In our village, the families are fairly large and since the head of the house gets $5 for each member, there was lots of money in circulation. The inevitable gambling was soon under way, but we opened store to encourage the people to come and buy food and clothing with their money. Many of them responded. In addition, the chief decided to spend tribal funds on food for a feast. The banquet, to which we managed to arrive late with ulterior motives, was a real occasion. On the menu, and on the same plate, was fish soup thickened with flour, bannock, pork and beans, oatmeal, applesauce, and wieners. Boiled tea was available by the gallon. The dinner ended at 11 p.m. and the schoolhouse vibrated to the appealing and unique chant of the dancers until 6 a.m People were happy and momentarily forgot the destitution of winter.

It could be said that our sub-store experiment was unsuccessful. One could look at the books and see that the Hudson's Bay Company wound up in the red. Add the teachers' time and effort and wear and tear. Add the frustration of trying to explain monetary values to a people from a culture that recognizes few restrictions and comprehends little of financial operations. The final recommendation from the teachers was that the project be discontinued as it had not proved practical. But look again and see a group of people who face the winter a little more healthy because they have eaten well all summer. Look for the kids in their new shirts and jeans. See the smiling women who wear bright kerchiefs and sew flannel nightshirts for their babies. Then see the smugness of the boys in their twenties who now swagger into Rae Bay and say, "One poun' tea, pliz," and watch them as they scrutinize their bill, no longer dependent on the honesty of the clerk. Money will continue to pour in for a while because of construction work in the area. The men are now able to buy with some of the money and save some for the end of the month. The original compulsion of coming in with a ten dollar bill and having to spend it all has been disrupted somewhat, if not completely.

The sub-store lived its brief life with many upheavals, many high points of companionship and fun. It leaves in its wake a group of natives who have come a little closer to understanding the ways of the white culture, a Bay manager who sighs with relief as he packs individual orders to go by tramp charter, and two teachers, equally relieved, but who also carry warm memories of the Hudson's Bay Company and the La Martre Indians. Neither Anne nor I would ever rate as northern store clerks, but we will always retain a very real understanding of the work done by the Company in the face of many obstacles. Every time we walk into a village Bay store and hear a native saying he wants to buy a kicker as he waves his $5 bill, our smile for the clerk will be one of commiseration and an acknowledgment of the job he is doing and which still remains to be done in the acculturation of the native Canadian. ✦



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN GRACIOUSLY CONSENTS TO ACCEPT PAYMENT OF RENT FROM THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS OF ENGLAND TRADING INTO HUDSON'S BAY.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Prince Philip, mounted a flower-encircled dais in Winnipeg's Assiniboine Park on July 24, 1959, to receive rent from the Hudson's Bay Company — two elk heads and two rare black beaver skins. This historic tribute is in accordance with the Company's Royal Charter of 1670. Heralded by a fanfare of trumpets, the ceremony included the reading of an address by W. J. Keswick, Governor of the Company.

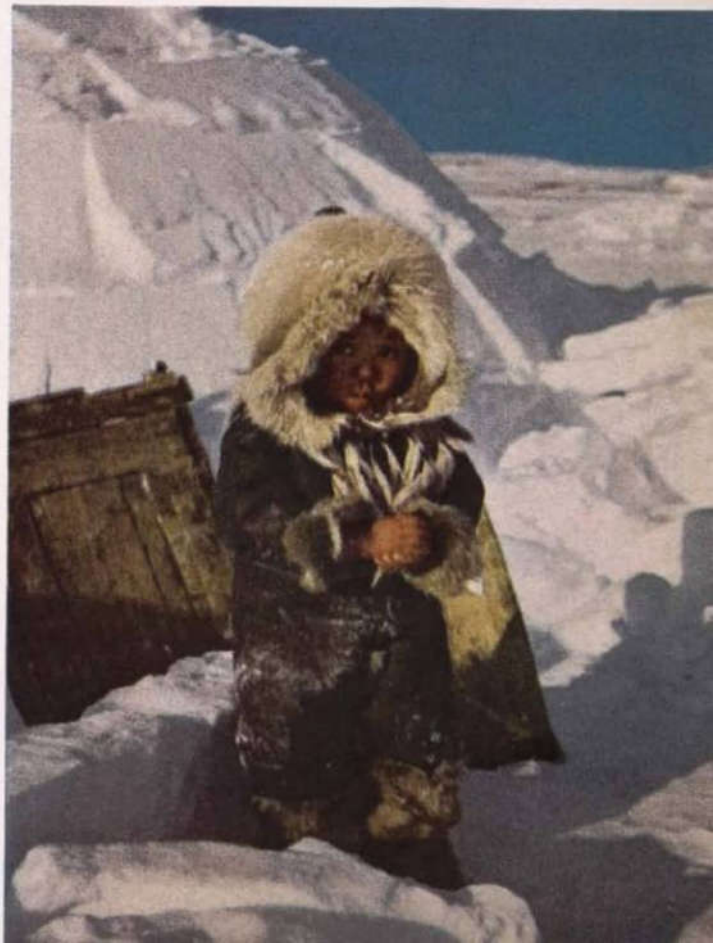
PHOTO BY BRIGDENS OF WINNIPEG

BY MARGARET MEAD

Dr. Mead is Associate Curator of Ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History.

THE ESKIMOS

In 1883, a young scientist named Franz Boas sailed to Baffin Island to study the geography of Cumberland Sound and Davis Strait. Out of this exploratory journey, during which Boas lived and travelled with the Eskimos and worked out with them the difficult problems of mapping, there came also the first systematic study of Eskimo culture and a new conception of how an anthropologist should go about his task. This chapter from a book written for children draws on various sources, but principally on Boas's monograph, "The Central Eskimo" (Sixth Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, 1888), which describes the life of the people in the area in the early 1880s. At this time, although Eskimos had long been in contact with European whalers and traders and others, those who went to the far North lived best when they adapted themselves to the Eskimo mode of living, and so Eskimo life still continued relatively unchanged from the past.



Colour photographs by Guy Mary-Rousseliere

THE Eskimos live on the northernmost margin of the New World, along the coasts and on the peninsulas and islands of the Arctic Sea, above the line where trees will grow. They have learned how to live in a world where in the farthest north there are four months when the sun does not rise above the horizon, and there are but two months when the sun shines the day around and there are no frosts*. Though the weather is milder on the Canadian coast than on the islands of the High Arctic, the time when the waters are open, when the shores are free of ice, when gay flowers bloom, and the air is filled with the cries of birds is everywhere short. During most of the year the Eskimos live very close to danger—danger of being caught in blinding storms, danger of being marooned on breaking sea ice, danger of starving to death when wild weather keeps the hunters home or there are no animals about. Then they live so close to death that they cannot afford to care for their old people, who themselves ask to be allowed to die rather than become a burden on the group. The dogs that pull the sledges are precious as life, for without them hunters can move only a little distance in winter; yet sometimes people have to choose between death and eating their dogs. In a disaster they may have to choose between cannibalism and death. No people we know about face a harder life, a life that requires more continuous alertness, bravery and fortitude.

Yet the Eskimos are also an exceedingly cheerful, jolly, hopeful, and hospitable people. Even though it is hard work to get food, they welcome visitors. Even though travelling is dangerous, especially when just one family travels alone for many weeks across frozen wastes, the Eskimos travel a great deal, sometimes on trips that take several years. Even though finding food—seals or walruses, bears or whales, caribou or fish or birds—is something they have to think about almost all the time, you would never guess that they were worried if you came into a snow house in the evening after a day of good hunting. For then, coming in from the cold and dark, you would find half the people of the settlement crowded on the platforms, small babies and puppies crawling about among the visitors, the air

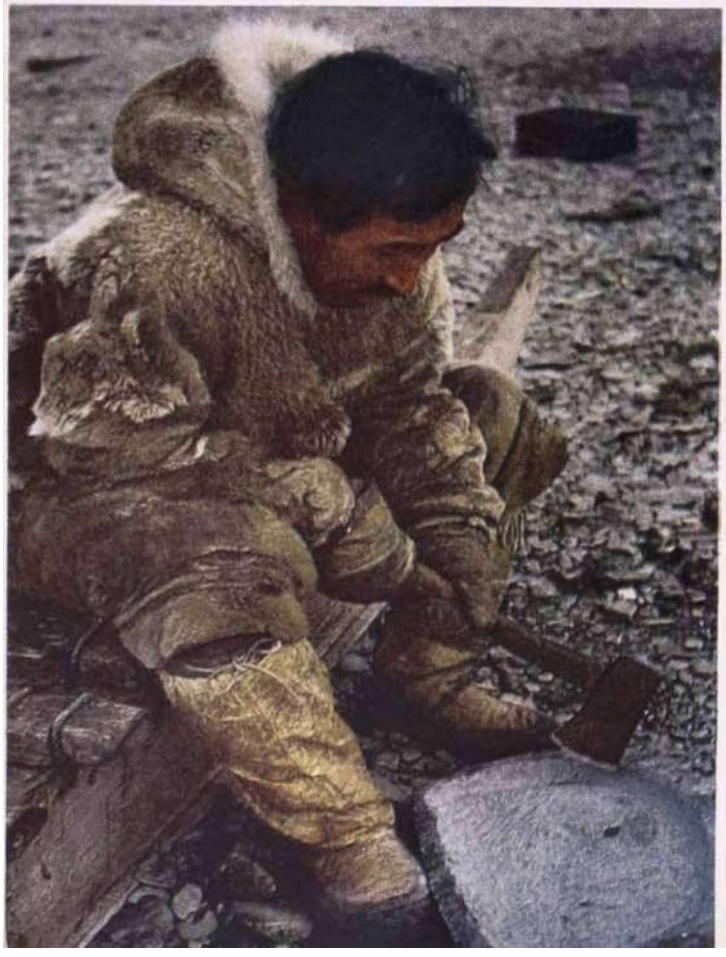
* In the Canadian Arctic few places have two months between frosts.

Caribou skin clothes the Eskimo family.

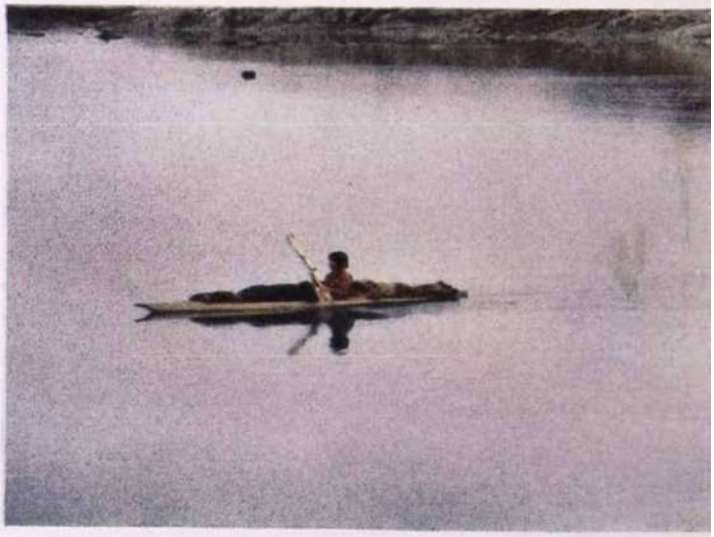
warmed, and the arched walls lighted by the lamps. The men might be gambling, throwing little carved ivory animals for dice. Some women might be trying out tongue twisters, each shouting louder and faster than the one before. Others might be making string figures. Or everyone might be listening to a storyteller, each one eating a delicious bit of frozen meat cut off from a chunk as it was passed from hand to hand.

There are many interesting things about the Eskimos—how they build their houses, how they dress, how they travel with their teams of fierce dogs, how they hunt on the sea in a kayak, the little skin canoe into which a man's body fits like a stopper. But perhaps most interesting of all is the way human beings have learned to live together under such very difficult conditions, and all their lives keep up the hard fight against cold and famine and disaster.

There are in all about 50,000 Eskimos who live in the great stretch of land between Greenland and the Bering Sea, not in every part of this vast area, but wherever it is possible to get a living from the sea and the shore, the rivers and lakes and treeless plains. Starting from Greenland and making his way across Canada or else across the northern islands to Alaska, an Eskimo could speak his own language all the way. However, as he moved from one little tribe to another he would find many differences in the way people live. But he would also find much that was familiar. In general, he would know how to hunt. He would know what to do when a whole settlement joined together



Making an oil lamp from soapstone



The light, skin-covered kayak for hunting on water.

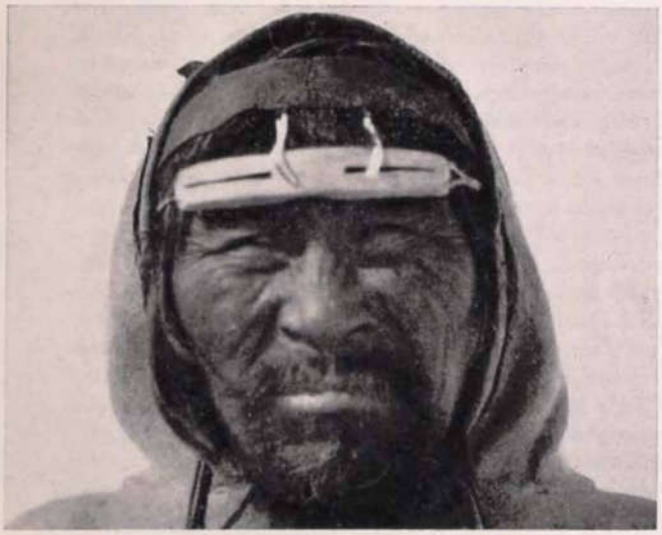
to drive a great herd of caribou into a narrow valley or into a stream or pond where hunters waited to spear the animals. He would know how to move on ice so that to a seal basking near its hole he would look like another seal. He would know how to hunt down sea birds when they were losing their summer feathers and could swim and dive but could not fly away. He would know how to set his team of dogs jumping and snapping at a polar bear until he could move in and spear it. But he would realize that this was not enough. If he was to be successful, he would have to learn about the exact conditions of land and sea and ice in each place. If he travelled far from home, it would not be enough for him to know how to make out of driftwood the kind of harpoon shaft or bow used by his little tribe. For after he had travelled a thousand miles, his harpoon shaft might break or his bow be lost. Then, if there was no driftwood, he would have to make a new harpoon shaft or a new bow out of caribou antler in the way the people he was visiting made theirs.

Every Eskimo boy learns to hunt and fish, to manage a dog team, to make a kayak and a sledge, to make his own tools and his own weapons—harpoons and spears and bows—and to build a house all by himself. In fact, every Eskimo boy learns to do everything that every man does except talk to the spirits. And every Eskimo girl learns to do everything that every Eskimo woman does: to dress skins and to make clothes and boots and tents, to prepare meat and cook, to take care of the children, and in an emergency to do the things that a man does. The toys children play with are miniatures of the very things that men and women use for work.

A man and his wife—or wives—make a complete team, each necessary to the other. The man makes the wooden frame of his hunting kayak, but the skin cover is made by the woman. The woman fashions the skin tent in which the family lives in the short summer, and it is hers; but the man must give her the skins for it, and he makes and owns the tent poles. The man makes the bone needles the woman needs for sewing. He also makes out of soapstone the lamp and pot the woman must have for cooking. But after he has made these things, they belong to her alone.

All the tasks which in modern America are divided up among thousands of people can there be done easily by a man and his wife, and they can teach the necessary skills to their children. Nevertheless, because of the travelling and the visiting and because of the danger to the whole family if a hunter is unlucky, or if one of a couple gets hurt or takes sick or dies, people need more than one family for protection against hunger and cold and loneliness.

So people live in settlements of perhaps ten or twenty families—seldom more than a hundred people altogether—and call themselves "the people of such-and-such a place". But they do not always stay together, for only at some seasons of the year is there enough food or the right kind of hunting to support the whole group. At other times, families must scatter. And every year settlements change a little, as some people go off to live elsewhere and others decide to join the group. In each little settlement



Snow goggles to protect the eyes from glare. William Gibson

Scraping the ice window with an ulu or womans' knife. D. B. Marsh

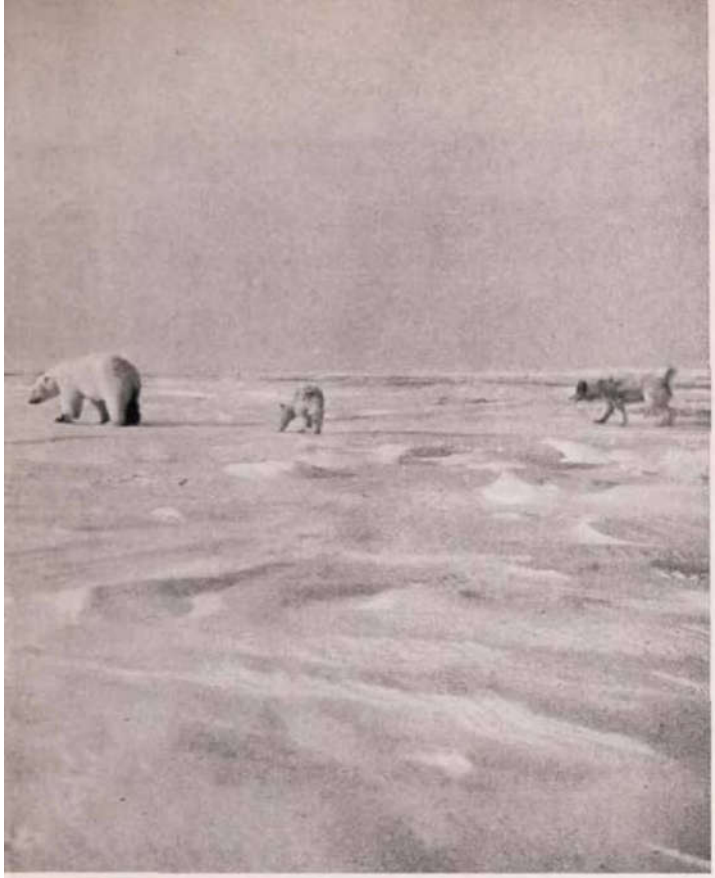
People in skin clothing sit on the living platform of their snow house. R. N. Hourde

there is one hunter who is luckier—for that is what people say—than all the others. As long as his luck continues, people depend on him and take his advice about when to start one kind of hunting or when to move inland. But if anyone disagrees with "the man who knows everything best," one of the names for a leader, nothing prevents the one who disagrees from going his own way. There are no chiefs of any kind, just stronger men and weaker ones, luckier hunters and less lucky ones, and in every settlement there are one or two men or women, called *angakut*, who have learned to talk to the spirits to discover why some trouble has come upon people—what has become of a lost object, why storms rage, why no animals are caught, why someone has become sick or has died.

Though we do not yet know exactly where the Eskimos came from nor when the first Eskimo came into Alaska, they have lived in the Arctic for at least 2,000 years and perhaps much longer. Their name for themselves is *Inuit*, which means simply "people." The name "Eskimo," from an Indian word meaning "raw-meat eaters," was given to them by Europeans.

We know, of course, that they came from somewhere else and could have moved into the far north only gradually, because they needed to have so many things before they could go there at all. First there are the things that human beings had to have before they could live where it was cold. They had to know how to make fire, how to hunt and fish for the creatures that live in the cold, how to travel about, how to make clothes to protect them from the cold outdoors, and how to build houses to keep them warm indoors. These are all things which Siberians, who live across Bering Strait, and also those Indians who live just south of the Eskimos had to know, too.

If you picture the ancestors of the Eskimos venturing farther and farther north for short trips before they could live there all year round, you can see how the perfectly adapted clothes and houses and tools began to develop. Shoes would be necessary, not just sandals or moccasins but thick, warm boots that protect the whole leg. Trousers for both men and women were essential; a short skirt or a breechclout would not be enough. The materials from which clothing was made had to be windproof and waterproof, something from which snow could be brushed off before it melted and then froze again. Mittens were needed to cover the hands, and hoods to cover the head and ears. People had to learn how to keep warm by dressing in layers and in clothes made loosely enough so that air could circulate inside and dry up the sweat that would otherwise first dampen their clothes and then make them stiff with frost. A baby had to be completely protected.



Dogs hold a bear at bay till the hunter arrives. L. A. Learmonth

Man and dog are loaded when moving camp in summer. W. Gibson

Although styles of clothing vary from one group to another, all the Eskimos have solved these problems. So, for instance, the woman's jacket is made with extra fullness in the back so a baby can ride inside it, warm and safe; a girdle at the waist keeps the baby from slipping down. Also the woman's hood is made large and loose so that a baby, peering over his mother's shoulder, is covered and yet can see out into the world.

It is interesting to notice, too, that there are problems which the Eskimos did not solve. They invented eye protectors, flat strips of bone or wood into which narrow slits were cut, to lessen the glare of sun on snow and ice. But they have no means of protecting the cornea of the eye from freezing, which sometimes happens in a snowstorm or on icy water. They have boots and mittens, but in some of the costumes there are gaps—more than are needed for ventilation—around the waist where the jacket doesn't quite meet the trousers or in the middle of the thigh where a woman's leggings do not quite meet her short trousers. These exposed places gradually turn black, and when people take off their clothes, their skin is striped.

After clothes, the next most important invention was a proper house. Whether it is dug partly out of the earth or out of deep snow, whether it is made partly of stone or of snow or of skin, the house must keep people warm enough so they can eat and sleep without danger of freezing when they are not moving about. It must be ventilated so that people will not suffocate and so that the lamps will burn. It must be warm enough and yet if it is built of snow, not so warm that the snow will melt. Because fuel is scarce, the house has to be built so as to make the best use of a little heat. For the Eskimos who live in snow houses one of the hard times of year is in between seasons—in spring when the snow roof of the house begins to melt but it is not yet warm enough to move into a summer tent, and in autumn when it is very cold but there is not yet enough snow to cut snow blocks for a house.

Every detail of the building and arrangement of a snow house is worked out very carefully, whether it is a tiny shelter built in an hour for one hunter for one night or a large house built in half a day and shared by two families for a month or more. Often two men work together. One stays outside and cuts snow blocks while the other is inside, fitting the blocks together in a spiral until at last, when he raises the key block into the top of the dome, he is entirely enclosed. Then he cuts his way out the side. Afterward he adds on the tunnel-like passage that keeps out the wind and, sloping down a little from the inner entrance, keeps the warmer air inside. Storage lockers are built onto the passage. Before anyone comes into the

Eskimos by their skin tent or tupik, photographed in 1896. *A. P. Low*

passage, he takes off his outer jacket, brushes it off with a special snow beater, and stows it away to keep it dry and safe from the hungry dogs.

The problem of fire for light, warmth and cooking, and for drying clothes was solved by burning oil from blubber in a soapstone lamp that serves all these purposes at once. North of the tree line there is only brush in summer and the fat of animals in winter to serve as fuel. Soapstone itself is scarce, and sometimes people must travel for a year to find it. Then, just as they barter for scarce things with their neighbours, they "barter" with the rock and leave presents near the place where they dig out the precious soapstone. All her life a woman carries her soapstone lamp and pot with her, and when she dies they are placed near her grave.

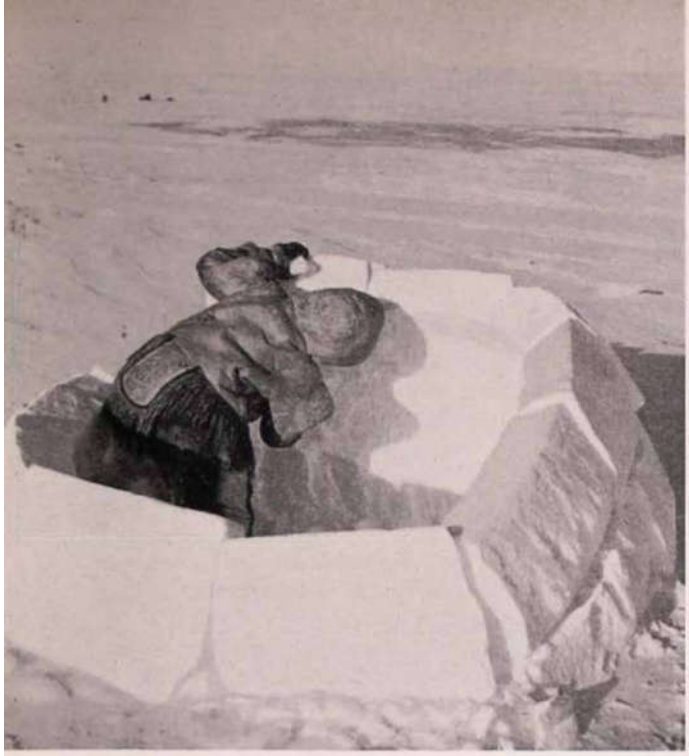
Two families or one family with two women live in each house. As each woman has her own fire on one of the two side platforms, the house is warmed by two lamps (and sometimes by another little one on the bed in the back and a fourth in front near the entrance). Hunters have small lamps to carry with them when they travel away from home. If a stranger comes alone to visit, his host may lend him one of his wives. Then, if he has everything he needs to hunt, he may set up his own fire.

Once inside the house, people take off their clothes and hang mittens and stockings to dry on racks over the lamp. Keeping clothing dry and mended is something women have to watch over every day. Even at those times when they are not allowed to make anything new, they can mend worn clothes. Skins have to be chewed to make them supple or to get them soft again; when people are starving they may eat their clothes.

With warm clothes and a kind of house which could be built quickly wherever they were, people could venture into the coldest Arctic. But to hunt they needed a means of travelling quickly on snow and ice and of bringing back heavy game. To meet this need, the Eskimos have sledges and teams of dogs as independent as the people who train them. A man without dogs cannot hope to take care of his family. So, since it takes a long time to build up a strong team and it is almost impossible to get a team to accept a strange dog, puppies are cared for as painstakingly as human infants.

As important to a man as his sledge in winter is his kayak in summer in which he hunts on open water. Besides this light and speedy boat, the Eskimos have a large wooden-framed, skin-covered boat in which they can row or sail. This is the *umiak*, or woman's boat, so called because when a whole family travels in one with all their possessions, it is the women who row. However, the same boat, with an all-man crew, is also used for whaling.

With their dog sledges, the Eskimos can move on land and on the frozen sea in winter, and in their kayaks and umiaks they can travel on the water in summer. But when they move inland in summer there are also long stretches where they travel overland and can take only those possessions which they can carry on their backs or on the backs of their dogs. In their freedom of movement the Eskimos are somewhat like American families going camping for a weekend in their station wagons—with the



Boy building a small snow house. *D. B. Marsh*

difference: Americans take food with them, some of it frozen, while the Eskimos must hunt as they move, and they must freeze some of the catch.

Like modern campers, but not for the same reasons, the Eskimos need a great many different things if they are to survive comfortably. To make a snow house they need a special knife, shaped something like a cutlass, to cut the snow blocks. For the bed platform they need layers of heavy skins and furs and, if possible, poles and brush to lay underneath, and a deerskin blanket to cover the whole family at night. Then they need a set of short poles to make a frame over the lamp for hanging the pot and for drying clothes. Flint and pyrite are needed to strike a spark to light a fire, and a special moss is needed to make wicks for the lamp. Or, instead, a man can start the fire with a bow drill, the same kind he uses to drill holes but with a different point attached. Then people need bone picks to take the hot meat out of the stew pot and cups and ladles to drink the hot soup. For melting snow or fresh-water ice for drinking—and Eskimos drink a great deal of water—they keep skin buckets on the platform near a lamp. For a window in the house they need either a clear sheet of fresh-water ice or else gut, neatly stitched together. In summer, long poles are needed to raise the tent, in which everything is arranged in the same fashion as in the snow house except that people cook out-of-doors, and women and children have to spend long hours collecting brush to burn. Special tools are needed, too: a strong knife to cut up meat (butcher's knives were among the first things Eskimos took over from the whalers), a woman's knife, or *ulu*, for cleaning skins, and wooden and bone scrapers for preparing the skins. Everywhere she goes a woman also carries with her a needle, stored in an ivory case. (The things women first wanted from whalers and traders were steel needles and scissors, precious implements which were sharpened until they became too short to use.) With this she carries a supply of sinew to shred into thread.

All these things are needed just to set up a camp.

But the Eskimos also know how to survive without all their carefully made things, each so nicely adapted to the use for which it is intended. Correctly, sledge runners are made of driftwood shod with ivory, whalebone or the jaw of a whale, tied or riveted to the runners. However, in an emergency, rolled-up skins can be frozen into the right shape for runners, or frozen salmon can be used for the crossbars, or a clumsier sledge can be shaped entirely out of ice. In sudden need of a boat, the skin tent cover can be folded to make a raft to ferry things across a stream.

Wherever the Eskimos are, summer or winter, they must hunt or fish day after day if there is to be food. Most of their hunting methods depend on finding the animals or birds or fish at a time and in a place where a lot of them are together. So they must know the migration routes of the caribou, when huge herds come streaming across the open lands, moving north or south with the seasons. They need to know the islands where birds come to nest every year. They have to know the inlets where at one season the narwhals swim toward the coast to escape from killer whales. Much of their travelling comes about as they follow the animals on which they depend, especially the

Hauling up a seal he has speared through the ice.
Pitsulak

ringed seal, which stays in the Arctic all winter. In winter the hunter moves out on the sea ice, where it is not too thick for seals to make blowholes for breathing; and there his harpoon poised, he waits. If he must wait long, he sits very still on a block of snow, his feet on a piece of skin, his harpoon propped at his side, his hands inside his coat, until at last a seal rises in its hole. Later, in the breeding season, hunters and dogs search out the snow tunnels where seals give birth and protect their pups, which at first cannot swim. There, too, the hunters may find polar bears, seal hunting like themselves. So the movements of the animals and the continuing need for food give a pattern to Eskimo life, and their religion is centred around this need.

The Eskimos see the universe as dangerous. To survive, people must keep rules which make the world safe for themselves and for others. One of the principal rules, which has to be remembered every day, is that the animals of the land and the animals of the sea must be kept apart. Caribou meat and seal or walrus meat cannot be eaten on the same day, nor can they be stored together. Women may not begin work on the winter deerskin clothes until the caribou hunting season is ended; but all the clothes must be ready by the time the first walrus is caught in the fall, for then all work on new deerskins must come to an immediate stop.

The Eskimos believe that all animals have spirits, and that the offended spirits will cause animals to avoid hunters if people break the rules concerning them. When a seal carcass is brought into a house, women must stop sewing at once, and before the seal can be skinned, the dead animal—or its spirit—must be given a drink of water.

These rules, or taboos, as they are called, keep people always on the alert—always wide awake to what they are hunting, cutting, storing, cooking, eating, or making clothes of. Every minute they must pay as much attention as we do when we are driving in heavy traffic or are piloting a plane.

People in special conditions, like a woman with a new baby, or the members of a settlement where someone has just died, have to keep special taboos. The Eskimos believe that each person has two souls. When a person dies, one of these souls goes on to the next world—a pleasant or a miserable one, depending on how he has died. The other soul stays near the body and is easily offended if its living relatives do not keep the proper rules. If they break the mourning taboos—if anyone in the village dances or sings, if men go hunting with dogs, if women do any work—the soul gets a dark cloud around it, and then it roams the village doing harm until the burdensome cloud is removed. But this same soul also is protective. When the next baby is born it is named after the dead person, whose soul then enters the baby to take care of its young soul, which is still very light and may easily leave again.

Breaking a taboo at any time puts a person in a special condition from which he can remove himself only by publicly confessing what he has done or left undone. A dark cloud is thought to form around a person who has broken a taboo. Although the cloud cannot be seen by most human beings, animals are thought to see it and will then refuse to be hunted or caught. Moreover, this cloud is believed to be catching. If a person does not know he has broken a taboo or else hides the fact that he has done so, other people will catch his condition, just as someone with an infectious disease like typhoid fever can give it to others if he is not isolated and cured.

So, for the Eskimos, being a good man or a good woman means having no secrets that can harm other people. It means keeping all the taboos, and confessing at once if one is broken accidentally. Otherwise accidents, storms, failures in hunting, sickness, and death are likely to follow.

Between the end of summer and the beginning of winter, when the autumn winds blow, a great feast is held for the goddess Sedna, the mistress of the underworld and of the sea animals on which winter life depends.

At this great ceremony, people gather in one of the largest houses of the settlement, where on the floor the angakut make a coil of rope in imitation of the breathing hole of a seal. Two angakut then stand ready, harpoons poised, waiting to spear Sedna as she rises up to the breathing hole, angry and vengeful, lured by a magic song. Suddenly they stab her and force her back, and the watching people see blood staining the harpoon points. But she is believed still to be lurking near-by, very angry and ready to seize anyone she can.

The next day all the people wear on their hoods strong protective amulets made from a bit of the bird skin out of which their first baby shirts were made. All the men gather in the middle of the settlement and they run, jumping and shrieking, following the course of the sun around the village and visiting every house. The women are expecting them, and at each door the men are given little presents—like Hallowe'en visitors in America.

Then the crowd divides into two groups. On one side are those who were born in winter, who call themselves ptarmigans. On the other side are those born in summer, the ducks. Both are named after their birdskin amulets. A large sealskin rope is stretched between them for a strenuous tug of war. If the ducks hold fast, this is thought to be a sign that good winter weather can be expected.

Next, two giant figures appear, their faces concealed by sealskin masks. Their bodies are stuffed out to a great size, and on their backs they carry blown-up sealskins. In

Baby is cosy in the back of mother's caribou tunic.
Alex Smith

their hands are spears. As the figures come silently forward the crowd shouts. The men attack the giant figures in a mock battle, pretending to spear and cut and stab them until their sealskin bags are broken and the masked figures fall to the ground. But they are revived by giving them cups of water, just as people also give water to the seals thay have hunted and killed. Then each man may ask them questions about the future and about his luck at hunting. As the answers are given in murmurs, every man can decide for himself what has been said.

To the Eskimos, any strength may be either good or bad, depending on how it is used. Sedna, whose feast is celebrated in the autumn, can give or withhold the animals of the sea. The angakut, who generally use their powers to help and protect people and to force Sedna to be helpful, are also feared because they may use their powers in a hostile way by preventing the bow drill from making fire, or by killing with a glance. People strive to be strong, and strengthen those who are weak by giving them amulets to wear. The baby's light soul is strengthened by the strong, experienced soul which comes into its body with its name. Babies are carried and nursed inside the mother's clothes. But they also learn to stand sudden cold; sometimes at a temperature many degrees below zero they are hastily yanked out, for they do not wear diapers.

Strong men, who are good hunters, are the leaders, but also—if they are bad-tempered and wilful—they may become murderers who disrupt a settlement. The strong forces of the outer world represent the danger of famine and death. Against them, man sets his own strength and patience and cheerfulness, his sense of other people.

Although they have travelled far and wide, old people come back to the little bays and points where they were born—to their own people. Each little group of Eskimos have stories which tell about the past and about the nature of the world, stories which are learned by heart but which are a little different from those told in another settlement. Although the Eskimos have no nations and no warfare, although their language is spoken for so many thousands of miles, each little group has a sense of its own identity—a sense of who belongs—as the people of such-and-such a place, which they know best of all. Here is the country where they know every landmark and every wind and can find their way by the direction in which the wind drifts the snow, where they know in just what place to find young seals or wandering polar bears. But they do not own this place to defend it against other people. They own it in the sense of understanding it so well that they can help visitors to hunt safely there and can be welcoming hosts to all who come expecting food and shelter and companionship. ◆

Centre: A bow drill is used for making holes.
National Museum

Stepping into a kayak.
R. L. Sutton

It was long thought that no picture of Fort Shepher

FORT SHEPHERD

BY ELSIE TURNBULL

The photographs, except where credited, are from the Corps Library of the Royal Engineers and were taken by the British section of the North American Boundary Commission in 1860-61.

IN the annals of the fur-trade, stories of the great trading forts controlled by "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" loom very large. They are well known to most Canadians but time has almost obliterated the memory of smaller posts. Such a one was Fort Shepherd, built on the Columbia River thirteen miles below Trail in the West Kootenay area of British Columbia. Today, Trail is a smelting city. It owes its existence to the mining boom which began twenty years after the passing of Fort Shepherd. All its associations are connected with mines and prospecting, but here one hundred years ago, Fort Shepherd was the only white settlement. Long before the coming of the miner, men whose names are well known in the history of the fur-trade dominated the area. So the story of the little post is part of the heritage of the West Kootenay.

Mrs. Turnbull is a former teacher who for a number of years has been delving into the history of the West Kootenay area.

When the Oregon Treaty of 1846 made the 49th parallel the boundary between British and American territory, many posts of the Hudson's Bay Company were found to be situated in the United States. Customs duties had then to be paid on all goods entering and leaving the depots and added a great deal to the expenses of the trade. The headquarters of the Company on the upper Columbia River was at Fort Colvile, a post built at the Kettle Falls where Indians from the Arrow Lakes, from the Flathead country, from the Washington plains gathered for salmon fishing. Fertile acres around the fort supported large farms. In the fifties, gold was discovered in the Pend d'Oreille River, a few miles to the north. It was a strategic situation for a depot, except for the circumstance of being on foreign soil. Governor Simpson accordingly decided to "withdraw the trade from Fort Colvile to a post to be established

xisted, when this excellent panorama came to light.

within British limits as near as possible to the former." He selected a site three quarters of a mile above the boundary line on the west bank of the Columbia, opposite the mouth of the Pend d'Oreille where extensive benches gave promise of good farm land.

By the spring of 1856 necessary arrangements had been completed and Chief Factor James Douglas sent instructions for the erection of the new post to Angus McDonald of Fort Colvile. He was anxious that at least one or two buildings be ready to receive goods on the return of the brigade from Fort Langley in the autumn of that year. Construction began in June and two months later the frame of the principal building was finished and materials prepared for the erection of two others. By August of '57 a report stated that "the new buildings at the Pend Oreille are nearly finished and have been put up in a very substantial workmanlike manner, so that we shall probably have a small outfit of goods stored there this winter for the supply of the mining population." The well finished buildings, of hewn squared logs erected post-on-sill fashion, were laid out in an open square, store houses and men's quarters at the sides, dominated by the officers' residence. Great stone fireplaces provided heat. The post was known as Fort Pend d'Oreille but in 1859 its name was changed to Fort Shepherd—presumably in honour of John Shepherd, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1856 to 1858, whose death occurred in January 1859.

During 1856 Chief Trader Angus McDonald of Fort Colvile supervised construction, but in '57 Clerk John

Cristine, daughter of Chief Trader Angus McDonald at Fort Colvile.

John D. B. Ogilvy was a clerk when he was sent to manage the new post in 1857.

Drummond Buchanan Ogilvy was sent to manage the new post. Ogilvy, a descendant of the house of Airlie, was a tall erect man whose steady gaze and sonorous voice commanded respect from Indians and whites. "Tough and hardy by practice as a piece of whipcord or a mountain ash," he was well qualified to control the troublesome Indians around the fort and to settle all disputes between them and the white prospectors who were washing gold in the gravels of the Pend d'Oreille River nearby.

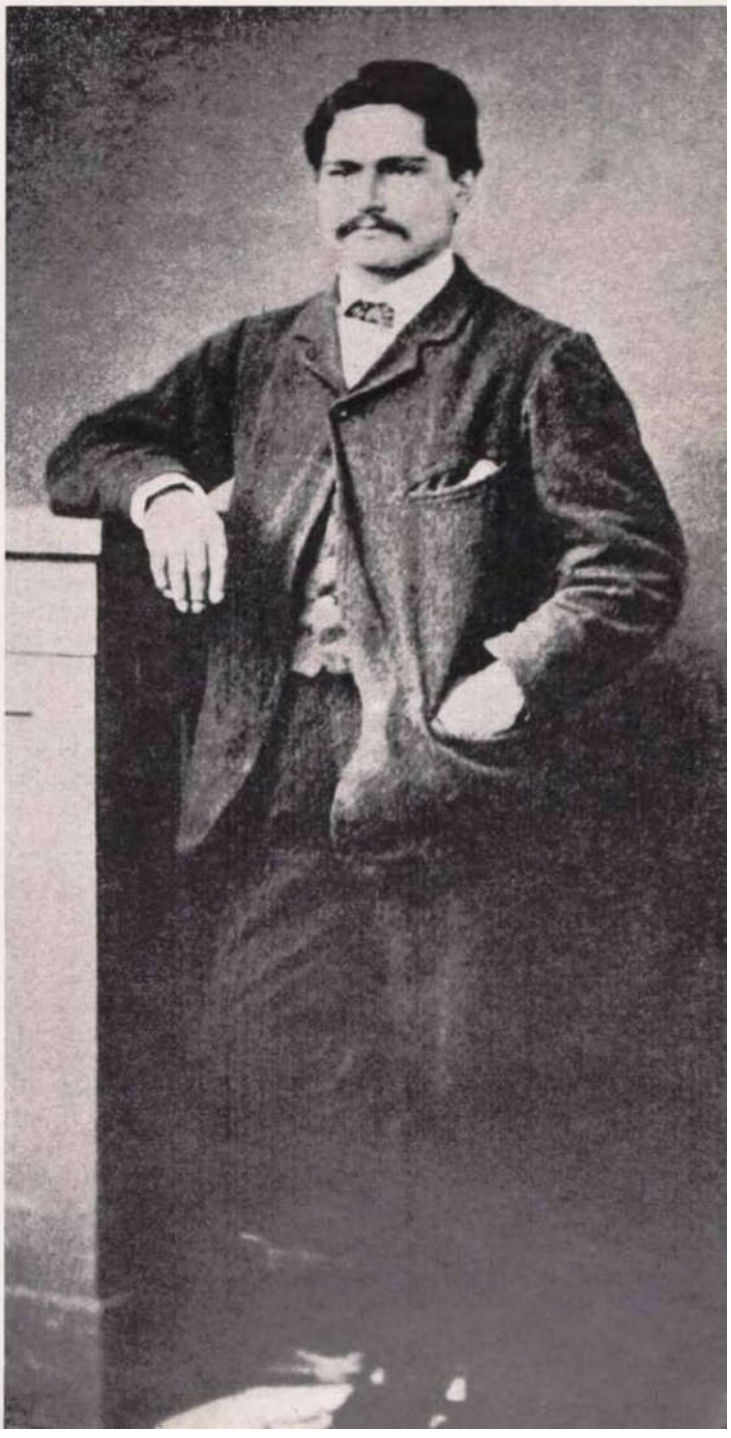
The year of '58 saw Chief Trader George Blenkinsop in charge of Fort Colvile and also the outfit for Fort Pend d'Oreille. Blenkinsop had spent all his term with the Hudson's Bay Company at posts along the sea-coast and was to be in the interior for only one year. A very handsome man but accustomed to command, he was inclined to be arbitrary and unreasonable in dealing with the natives. Perhaps his firmness kept the Indians around the post quiet, for '58 was a year of bloody warfare with the natives in Washington Territory to the south. The two

William Sinclair, third generation Company employee, took charge of Fort Shepherd in 1864.

All photographs on these two pages by courtesy of B.C. Archives.

Chief Trader George Blenkinsop ruled autocratically in 1858 when the post was known as Fort Pend d'Oreille.

Jason Allard went as an apprentice clerk to Fort Shepherd in 1865 when it was the district headquarters.



or three hundred Lake Indians who camped close to the fort were belligerent but their chief, Gregoire, was a strong man friendly to the fur traders. During this troubled year no serious outbreak occurred at Fort Pend d'Oreille.

Blenkinsop was followed at Fort Shepherd by Clerk Herbert Margary. Margary had been an accountant with the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, a subsidiary of the Hudson's Bay Company which managed the large farms attached to Forts Nisqually and Victoria. During the year (1859) Margary was in the Columbia country Fort Shepherd was visited by Captain Palliser and his party on an exploration trip through the Rocky Mountains. It was Palliser who surveyed the post and determined that it missed by three-quarters of a mile being situated in American territory. One member of this group, John W. Sullivan, led a party up the Pend d'Oreille to find a passage over the mountains to the East Kootenay. Margary accompanied them as they pushed through dense undergrowth and fallen timber to cross the rugged height of land dividing the Columbia River valley from the Kootenay. A few years later the trail they blazed would be made into a passable road as a route entirely in British territory to the gold country.

In these early years trade in furs was good. Quantities of foxes, red and silver, wolverine, muskrats, grizzly, black bear, mink, weasel and marmots were brought to the post. However the post had disadvantages. The extensive flat

Flathead Indians. These Flatheads, like the Lake Indians of the Upper Columbia River, are tribes of the Interior Salish whose territory lay on both sides of the border. They did not deform their heads as was customary with the Coast Salish.

lands around it which promised a large area for farming were soon found to be unproductive. Buckbrush and chaparral covered them, so there was no grass for grazing. It was evident that Fort Shepherd could never replace Fort Colvile's rich farms. Accordingly in 1860 the post was temporarily closed.

Two years later Chief Factor Roderick Finlayson visited Fort Shepherd and urged its re-opening. He was influenced by several circumstances. A "free trader" across the Columbia had obtained five hundred marten skins from the Indians, so he felt there were still fur-trade possibilities in the district. Since "coarse gold was being taken up on the Pend d'Oreille," he thought the fort could serve as a supply depot for the miners. The desire to avoid the heavy customs duties paid on goods entering Fort Colvile was still important. Considering all these things the Governor and Committee re-opened Fort Shepherd in 1863 and in '64 it was placed in charge of Clerk William Sinclair. Sinclair was one of the many employees of the Company "bred to the service." Grandson of an Orkneyman who became a Company officer, son of a chief factor born in Rupertsland, his youth had been spent in the posts on Hudson Bay. He himself had served at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), Fort Vancouver, and Fort Hall in the Columbia District.

In 1865 Fort Shepherd entered its most important period. It was separated from the Colvile district and became the headquarters of a new district comprising the Similkameen and Kootenay posts and known as Fort Shepherd. Chief Trader Joseph Hardisty, a brother-in-law of Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona) and a member of a family famous in the fur-trade, was moved from Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands to take charge of the new district. Jason Allard became one of his clerks.

These were the years of gold strikes at Wild Horse in the East Kootenay and the Big Bend of the Columbia River, and Fort Shepherd became a depot on the trail to the goldfields. In an effort to supply the miners from British instead of American sources a wagon road was built from Fort Hope to Wild Horse. By the spring of '65 Engineer Dewdney who was cutting the trail had arrived at the Columbia River. He set up headquarters at Fort Shepherd and worked from there over the mountains to the Kootenay area. A number of Chinese working for him deserted, to pan for gold in the Pend d'Oreille. However he was able to get sufficient help to finish the road by the

autumn of '65. For a couple of years the trail was much used. By way of it, gold from the diggings came to Fort Shepherd and supplies were taken in. Jason Allard recalled that on one trip he made from Wild Horse his saddlebags contained six thousand dollars worth of gold dust.

The good years did not last long. By '68, the frenzy of the gold rush was over; the fur trade was not profitable enough to pay expenses of the post. The problem of duties on imports still remained, for many of the Company's trading centres were in United States territory and it was impossible to confine the trade to the area north of the border. Accordingly, in 1869 Chief Trader Hardisty was moved to the Kootenay post, Fort Shepherd was re-annexed to Fort Colvile and Clerk Jason Allard was left in charge.

It is from Allard that much of the information about Fort Shepherd has come. Born at Fort Langley in 1858 he was the son of Ovid Allard and a Cowichan Indian. From his mother he learnt Indian ways, while from his father he absorbed the tradition of service in the Hudson's Bay Company. After articling to the Company he was sent to Fort Shepherd on his first assignment as Apprentice Clerk. He remained there four years; the last two he was in charge of the post. In 1869 the Hudson's Bay Company withdrew from American territory and accepted $450,000 compensation. The following year they closed Fort Shepherd for the last time and left the buildings to the care of the Indian chief of the district until they could be disposed of to advantage. Two years later they were destroyed by fire, so in 1872 Fort Shepherd passed into history.

The world today has by-passed even the place where Fort Shepherd stood. It is accessible by a jeep road servicing a powerline, while the modern highway follows the opposite side of the Columbia River. For many years the great chimneys stood, but now they have crumbled into piles of stone half-hidden by chaparral bushes. The only evidence of the site is a stone cairn built in 1951 by the Kinsmen Club of Trail, with a bronze plaque donated by the provincial government. The fur-traders have gone; the Indians have gone; memory alone can people the barren treeless plain with life as it lies isolated across the swift Columbia. ◆

Kalispel or Pend d'Oreille Indians, members of another Salish tribe who lived along the Pend d'Oreille River.

A Colvile woman and child. This Salish tribe lived south of Fort Shepherd.

A female wolverine watches the surroundings near her den.

How to hunt Wolverine

BY PETER KROTT

Photographs by the author

Dr. Krott, an Austrian by birth, is internationally famous for his work with wolverines carried on over many years in Finland, Sweden and Lapland. The translation from the German of Dr. Krott's manuscript by Dieter Schwanke was checked and revised by Clarence Tillenius.

THE wolverine poses no great threat to either the big game or the small game of the forests it inhabits. It is usually a scavenger. The wolverine's pelt is not considered particularly valuable in the international fur trade. It is primarily used by the inhabitants of the most northern regions, being an ideal trimming for winter hoods since it does not frost up. Furthermore the animal is hard to secure either with traps or by poison. Tourists and sightseers, concerned chiefly with the larger game animals, are not particularly interested in the wolverine. All in all, therefore, it would seem that the wolverine might well be left alone, save in specific instances where it might be necessary to reduce its numbers drastically—for instance, in areas where intensive trapping of fur-bearers is carried on—or even to eradicate it completely in districts where reindeer are domesticated.

I feel it would be presumptuous for me to attempt to proffer to Canadians any "easy" formulas for outwitting the wolverine. They are probably already familiar with them and aware also that in most cases they do not work. So it is my intention to disclose another method of capturing the wolverine which I practised successfully during my 15 years in European Lapland.

During March or April—in Northern Europe even as early as mid-February—the female wolverine gives birth to her litter, usually two or three in number. In mountain areas she may choose for her den a cave or a cleft in a rock. In timbered areas she may simply hollow out a den in a snowdrift under a fallen tree, often where several trees have been felled across each other by wind or bowed down under a heavy burden of snow. The nest-den is usually located in marshland or at least close by. A watercourse or spring, open all winter, will always be near the den.

Without long experience at the game, one can hardly hope to find a wolverine's den except by following a track to it. It is useless therefore to go looking for a nest as early as February or March, because at this time the mother stays with her young ones continually and leaves the nest only to get a drink of water close by. The situation changes considerably at the end of March, when the mother wolverine starts to rove around looking for food. She goes on long trails in her territory, first to her meat caches, put up by her in fall and early winter, and later on hunts for fresh prey: snowshoe rabbits, hiding in their snow dugouts, reindeer or caribou, and moose. Now comes the time for the wolverine hunter to go into action.

At first you roam the area on skis or snowshoes, constantly on the lookout for the tracks of a female wolverine. The tracks of the female are distinguished from those of the male by the size, the female's being much smaller. To give measurements would be of no use since the foot-

prints change in form and size according to the kind of snow, as every hunter knows. Of course, it happens often enough that someone mistakes the tracks of a male for those of a female, but this is only one of the normal hazards of wolverine hunting. (As a dependable business, chopping wood probably offers greater security and surer returns.) Moreover, by no means does every female's trail lead to the desired objective, the nest, because not every female has a litter each year. She may breed every two or three years. Even if you are lucky and strike the "right" track, it still does not guarantee that you will locate the den. There might be a blizzard to blot out the tracks, there might be a sudden thaw to make travel impossible, or the tracks might lead into an area where they can not be followed: through impenetrable brush along riverbanks or across quagmires, over crumbling cliffs and impossible rocky terrain. Even if you should stumble across the track of a female with young ones, you can never be entirely certain of success.

However, let us say that good fortune attends you, weather and snow are good and you make 25 miles the first day of travel. You have not yet reached the goal but you have struck a fresh track which leads on before you. At nightfall you make camp. Beside your bivouac a split dry tree-trunk glows like a huge cigar. It is good sleeping in wolverine-land.

At daybreak the chase is on again. If *very* lucky, you might find the den by the second day, though it could take three days or more. But by the time you find it, the mother may be 60 miles or more away from her youngsters. Close to the den you may come across some opened caches along the trail, though these are not always present. As you follow on, the trail is no longer nice and straight—or rather in progressive serpentines—but now becomes a series of loops and meanders that are hard to untangle. You have reached the mother's "home."

Here she has gone for a drink, there she has paused to do a spot of "grooming up," or perhaps climbed a tree to sniff the breeze and listen for the sounds that tell her a story. Now it behoves you to slow down and patiently examine everything around you. You may suddenly come on the den or it may take hours to find it. Again, you may be fooled by the so-called "mock nests." These are nest-places made by the mother for a quiet retreat if she wants

Adult male wolverine—the carcajou or 'devil of the north' of the Canadian trapper.

Three wolverine cubs in their tree-sheltered den.

a rest from those never-satisfied youngsters, or to move the entire family into (carrying them gingerly by the nape of the neck) if for some reason she takes a dislike to the original nesting place. In case of being seriously disturbed, she carries her babies miles away.

There is no point in trying to move silently: the mother has been long aware of your approach. If the young ones are still blind—during the first four weeks—the mother will stay with them, slipping noiselessly away just before the hunter comes up. If you are so lucky as to hit the right den, check first whether the mother is at home or not. Poke around the nest carefully with a ski-pole, or, even better, a long branch. If the mother is at home, you will hear a deep rasping growl. Almost never will the wolverine leap straight at you. If there are two of you, which is always to be recommended, one should stand with gun trained on the spot while the other shovels away the snow to uncover the den. She will not move until you come close to the young or you happen to touch her with your stick. Now watch out! Never shoot at random into the

den! You may hit the youngsters or the bullet may ricochet off a rock and injure you. I have known of such happenings in my own experience. It often happens that the female does not attack the hunter at all but takes off either to one side or by diving between his legs. A shot fired after her will probably cause her to think twice about returning. In any case your quarry is really not the old wolverine but the living youngsters. Thus you reduce the wolverine population and add to your income at the same time. Zoos in most parts of the world pay at least $500 plus freight for a young wolverine, living and healthy. That means $1500 for each wolverine nest. Not too bad, is it? I practically supported myself for a couple of years by delivering wolverine babies to zoos.

Now you must carefully lift the babies like little kittens out of the nest and into the packsack. The packsack, taken along specially for that purpose, should have its sides held apart with willow withes to give the babies ample room inside while being carried home. If you must camp overnight before reaching home, mix a suitable wolverine baby-food of powdered milk and warm water, feeding them by means of a baby-bottle and nipple. They will seldom take it the first time, but after ten hours they are so hungry that they start to drink, and the battle is won.

Raising the young wolverines is most interesting, but costly in time and effort; for that reason I advise all hunters, who wish to go after wolverine according to my method, to send the babies to a zoo as quickly as possible —by aeroplane. It might be a good idea to come to an agreement with a zoo before going hunting.

If you have time on your hands and like adventures, having found the nest you might leave it undisturbed and retreat a hundred yards or so. If fortune attends you, this way you may either get the female coming out of the nest (provided she passes within range) or coming home, in case she was away when you found the nest. However, in the first instance she will usually find an escape route to baffle the hunter, or, in the second instance, not come home at all. Another hazard is that if the mother is in the nest she might carry away her babies during the night and succeed in hiding them. A friend of mine had this tough luck once.

The method I have described is in my opinion the only one that can be practised to obtain wolverines with a reasonable chance of success. I should also add that, if you are lucky enough to obtain a wolverine family, it does not pay to look for a second family in that area. The wolverine is one of the most solitary beasts of prey and you could not expect to find another nest within 30 or 40 miles. But it is quite likely you might at a later date find another nest in the same area: not the next year, but two years later. The wolverine mother might even have her nest at the same spot, or only a few miles away.

Also, with the above method you will naturally never get an adult male wolverine, because he is hardly ever close to the family. To shoot one is just a matter of chance. It is useless—note this particularly—to follow the tracks of a male. You will never catch up to him, even if you are tops as a long-distance runner. It is also, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a vain hope to wait for him at a carcass. He will not come while you are there. He is even more cautious than the wary grizzly. Still, you might chance upon one, especially near the reindeer or caribou calving grounds or in the vicinity of moose. If you do, the best thing to do is to lie down and make some sound to attract his attention. The male wolverine will then" sit up," that is stand on his hind legs and look around, listening.

To bag an adult wolverine, either male or female, requires much more hunting skill than bagging a grizzly bear. So much for those who think big game hunting the only "sport" and look down their noses at us wolverine-hunters.

The sinuous track of a female wolverine.

Are men the best cooks?

C. N. Stephen

Bannock cooking by the embers.

BY VENA ANGIER
with Bradford Angier

The Angiers left the city to live in northern British Columbia and have published several books on woodland life.

THE Hudson's Bay Company says so. In its manual for post managers, The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay state unequivocally, "The world's greatest cooks are men."*

I first suspected that this statement was included only for morale, particularly as a few sentences later the potential world's finest chef is cautioned not to use his dishcloth to wipe off the stove. Yet many of the best cooks in the North, certainly, are men. Some visiting sportsmen never do recover from the spectacle of hairy-armed sourdoughs lounging around a fur press swapping recipes.

These old-timers go in mostly for plain cooking, although you'll occasionally meet a bannock puncher with a flair. One of these was Ted Boynton, a round man with merry round eyes and black hair he was generally shoving back up under a stocking cap. Ted, who cooked for the Harrimans and other millionaire big game hunters, will long be remembered as one of the best trail cooks in the continental Northwest. This would be true if only for what he could do in a hurry with rice, that staple of the farther places. Hewn to indoor proportions, Ted's favourite recipe went:

"Hack up two onions and a fist-sized chunk of sow belly. That's salt pork, Vena. Brown 'em a mite in a kettle. Add two cups of washed rice, and let it tan some. Then sluice down the works with three cups boiling water. Boil rice until soft. Don't get started stirring, for cripe's sake.

"Excuse me. . . . Well, er, be heating half a can of tomatoes, a teaspoon of salt, and a tablespoon of something like dried celery if you got any such handy. Add these to the cooked rice. Sprinkle on cheese like . . . like aitch. Then you sure don't want no lost dudes wandering into camp for awhile."

The fanciest outfit Ted Boynton ever hoisted a frypan for was the Charles F. Bedaux expedition in pre-Alaska Highway days. The late Mr. Bedaux, at whose French chateau the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were married, had crossed the African deserts with five passenger cars. Bedaux estimated it would be comparatively easy, therefore, to ride tractors through the Canadian Rockies above Hudson Hope on the Peace River. He accordingly set out with five tractors, 130 horses, and enough kitchen gear to fit out a luxury hotel.

"Why, now, if I'd ever tied into all them kettles and such, I never would have got anything done," Ted said later. "Mr. Bedaux didn't give an aitch, though. So in my spare time I showed him how small an outfit a bush cook can get along with."

The internationally renowned efficiency expert was most interested in the way Ted split Arctic grayling up the back and pegged them flesh-side-out on heated birch slabs. These Ted leaned close to a small fire, occasionally turning them end for end and giving them a swipe with some strips of bacon tied to a willow. When the fish became flaky, and ready for the lemon juice and melted butter, there were the individual hot plates all attached.

"Bedaux never did get through these mountains with his tractors, did he?"

"Nope," said Ted Boynton, "he lost just about his whole outfit. But he sure learned how to plank a fish."

Ted Boynton had one of his hardest workouts when he went into the Northwest Territories with Harry Snyder, later prominent in helping develop Canadian uranium deposits. Accompanying scientists who studied musk-ox and gathered hundreds of museum specimens had Ted cooking all the wild edibles they could find.

"I guess they reckoned they had me stopped proper, though, the day they lugged in a brace of mud hens," Ted chuckled. "I remember how Mr. Snyder allowed he'd tried mud hen before. He said that if the part he got went over the fence last, somebody must have given it a boost."

Maybe it was the odours sifting into the Mackenzie River mist, for a mud hen, although kind to its family and all, is generally about as tender and tasty as a discarded tumpline (carrying strap). Anyway, that evening there was no need to repeat the challenge to come and get it.

There those fowl were, brown and bulging, looking as handsome as canvasbacks and smelling no less tempting than fat ptarmigans. At least, that's how a friend of ours who accompanied the party describes them. George C. Goodwin, American Museum of Natural History mammal collector, stuck his fork gingerly into a drumstick. Moist, steaming meat fell pinkly away from the bone. Everyone dug in hungrily.

"Even a loon don't cook up too bad," grinned Ted, "if a yahoo don't try to gentle it aitch-for-leather. So don't throw away any such critters, particularly in times like this. Cram them with onions. Boil real easy for three hours. Then start brand new with a crumb stuffing, tuck a mess of sow belly where it'll do the most good, and roast nice and quiet like."

*This "Household Manual," still to be found at some posts, was put out by the H B C some twenty years ago. The Company might not have the temerity to make such a statement today.—Ed.

The most trouble I had with cooking when I came to Hudson Hope to live was in making flour, salt, sugar, water, and yeast spell bread. Sourdough bread was what I wanted, I was eventually told by a retired former trapper and H B C assistant manager. For one reason, this northern sustenance had long ago proved its ability to rise in any temperature short of freezing. On very cold nights though, Dudley Shaw added seriously, he sometimes took the dough to bed with him.

A simple bush method for starting the sourings used to leaven this breadstuff is to mix two cups of flour with two cups of warm water in which a yeast cake has been dissolved. This mixture, explained the small man in a friendly voice that was not at all small, should be placed in a warm spot overnight to work.

"Cover these sourings loosely," Dudley cautioned cheerily, "or they'll explode frightfully all over the place. Makes a ghastly mess. Remember they'll bubble copiously to better than double size, so use a container that's vast enough. A lard pail's our favourite up in these jungles. Glass or crockery is cleaner, though."

The initial loaves are made, Dudley went on, by sifting four cups sifted flour, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon soda, and one teaspoon salt into a bowl. Make a cavity in the centre of this. In it mix two cups of the starter with two tablespoons of melted fat. Blend this with the other ingredients, adding any additional flour that may be necessary to make a soft dough. Knead this on a floured bread board.

"Keep attacking," Dudley cautioned. "Don't gentle it. That's where most women make their mistake. Too much pushing and pressing lets the gas escape that's needed to raise the stuff. Just bang the dough together in a hurry, cut off loaves to fit your greased pans, and put them in a warm place to raise."

The batch, once it has plumped out to double size, should be baked from forty minutes to an hour in a warm oven that's preferably hottest the first fifteen minutes. If I had an oven thermometer, Dudley Shaw recommended with an exactness that surprised me, I could start the bread at 400°F. and finish it at 375°F. Baking should redouble the size of the loaves, my instructor specified. One tested "in the usual way." Dudley elucidated that the usual way is to wait until the loaves seem crisply brown, then to jab in a straw. If the bread is done, the straw comes out dry and at least as clean as it was when inserted.

"How about the sourdough I don't use?" I inquired, scribbling down the formula.

That would be my start for future sourdough if it weren't for something else, the small man said, eyes blinking amiably behind thick lensed spectacles. These sourings I could keep going, preferably, by adding only flour and water about once weekly. About a cup should always be kept with which to stay in business.

Cooking on the trail. Frozen meat is chopped off with an axe.

When the mixture got too rampageous, a touch of baking soda would gentle it. I should not use soda too copiously, though, or I'd bog down the noble sourdough for good. As a matter of fact, if too much soda is used later in the recipe, it makes the breadstuff yellowish. But if you don't get in enough, the slices taste sour. A certain amount of experience was required, in other words.

"That would be your start for future sourdough," Dudley Shaw said friendlily, "if it weren't for the fact that I'm going to give you some sourings that are fourteen years old."

"Fourteen years?" I gasped. "Isn't that a lot?"

"They've just started nicely," Dudley beamed proudly.

Sourdough, as I thereafter began to appreciate, is sometimes passed down in the North for generation after generation. If the starter is not to be used for a few weeks, it can be dried or frozen to prevent spoilage. A handy way to travel the starter is first to work it into a hard lump by adding flour, then to bury it in the flour sack. In both instances, warmth and water will reactivate the yeast plants.

The numerous dishes that this yeast starter will produce are certainly worth the trouble. For example, there's sourdough chocolate cake. Mr. Neil Gething, largely responsible for developing the Hudson Hope coal deposits originally noted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie while on his epic way to the Pacific, turned out one fit for a coronation dinner.

Mr. Gething generally commenced cake operations after breakfast. He combined a cup of thick starter with a cup of warm water, 1½ cups of flour, and ½ cup of whole dry milk. This he cached in a warm nook for several hours, by which time it was giving off bubbles and a clean yeasty odour.

Part Two consisted of creaming a cup of sugar with ½ cup of shortening, preferably the pure white solid rendered from the fat of the black bear. Mr. Gething then beat up three eggs, added a teaspoon of vanilla and ½ teaspoon of salt, and blended this with the above. Three squares of melted chocolate and 1½ teaspoons of soda went in next. All this was well stirred into the sourdough mixture. Baking at 350° took about half an hour. Mr. Gething let the cake cool, gave it what he described as a secondary enrichment of chocolate frosting, and then philosophically watched the entire masterpiece disappear at the noonday meal.

Then there are the sourdough flapjacks of the sort being served by Quentin F. Gething, Mr. Gething's son who operates a coal mine above Hudson Hope on Bullhead Mountain. His formula? Set the sponge as for bread. Let stand in a warm place overnight. Next morning, take out ¼ cup and store in a scalded pint fruit jar to use as a starter for the next batch.

To the remaining batter add two eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, and a tablespoon sugar. Beat with a fork, at the last stirring in two tablespoons melted fat. Batter should be thin. Thin if you have to with milk; thicken if necessary with flour. Bake on a hot griddle greased sparingly with bacon rind. Turn the cakes only once. Second side requires only half as long to cook as the first. Serve them hot.

"No, we don't have any maple trees here. Ghastly," Dudley Shaw told us regretfully while eating his way through a stack of these one day. "We have birch trees, though."

"I know," I replied somewhat vaguely, "but I was thinking of maple syrup."

"Later on I'll give you a receipt for making a noble syrup you can't tell from maple syrup," Dudley promised. "You use ordinary sugar and potatoes. But birch syrup you can get here in copious amounts. Heavenly concoction. It'll cheer you up vastly."

"Oh, will you show me how?"

"I'll stow a gimlet in my pack when I prowl up this way the first of the week," Dudley agreed. "Noble lap, birch syrup is. Glorious on flippers like these."

Dudley told me to get ready some containers. Lard pails would do, or I could attach some wire bails through nail holes punched in the tops of several tomato cans. He beamed approval when he arrived early Tuesday morning. The improvised sap buckets, suspended on nails driven above the small holes Dudley bored with his gimlet, caught a pattering flow of watery fluid.

"You'd better rample out this way regularly to see these don't overflow," Dudley Shaw cautioned. "Keep the emptied sap simmering cheerfully on the back of the stove. Tons of steam have to come off."

"Will it hurt the trees any?"

"No, no," Dudley said reassuringly. "The plunder will begin to bog down when the day cools, anyway. Then we'll whittle out pegs to close the blinking holes. Everything will be noble."

Everything was, especially the birch syrup. It wasn't as thick as it might have been, even after all that boiling. There was a distressingly small amount of it, too. But what remained from the day's work was sweet, spicy, and delicious. I wondered if the sugar and potato "maple syrup" would turn out as well?

Dudley Shaw finally set out to prove his long-avowed contention that the northern wife needs no maple trees to provide her with maple syrup. A credible substitute is started, Dudley insisted, by boiling six medium-sized unpeeled potatoes with two cups of water until but one cup of fluid remains. The potatoes are then removed from the pan, he noted conservatively, ready for the table.

While I stirred the liquid until the boiling peak was once again reached, Dudley carefully added one cup of white sugar and another of brown. Once both had dissolved, we set the saucepan on the back of the stove.

"Aw," Brad grunted disappointedly after stealing a spoonful, "you're going to have Vena doubting that men really are the best cooks. That doesn't taste like anything, Dudley."

"Ghastly stuff," Dudley nodded agreeably. "Like brew, it has to be aged in a dark place. After a couple of days in a bottle, it'll be noble."

"Well, I don't know," my husband allowed. "It sounds far-fetched. Why should potato water and sugar taste anything like maple syrup?"

"I never could figure it out," Dudley Shaw admitted.

Doubtful myself by now, I nevertheless followed our nearest neighbour's instructions. Brad and I forgot about the bottle until the end of the week. Then Brad happened upon it while looking for some wrapping paper. When he sampled the elixir this time, his face took on a different expression. He refilled the spoon and turned to me.

"I don't believe it," I reacted, so we both tried one more spoonful. "It can't be true."

"Daggone," he said. "I guess I owe Dudley an apology. This concoction does taste almost exactly like fine maple syrup. Who says the best cooks in the world aren't men?"

"Not me," I replied weakly. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE ST. LAWRENCE
by William Toye

Oxford University Press, Toronto.
296 pages. $4.50.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

LE *chemin du Bon Dieu*, that was what the French called the St. Lawrence in the early days when there were not ten miles of road in Canada. The river was, indeed, their only road, the only means of communication between villages and the seigneuries, whether frozen in winter or open water in summer.

There can not be many rivers in the world that have had such a fascinating history, and there can surely be none that have had their history related so adequately, with such a wealth of anecdote, or with such thorough research. It may well be said that the history of a river must be in effect the history of the people who live along its banks, who travel on it, and who derive their living from it. This has been clearly seen by Mr. Toye and it is through the eyes of these people that he sees the river, and through his quotations from earlier writers that he expresses the thoughts of those who knew the river long ago. These quotations are among the most interesting features of the book and the reader is grateful for the source references given in the back of the book.

In appearance, this is one of the most pleasing books that has been published in Canada for some time, and when one learns that the author is also responsible for the design of the book, one feels a very genuine glow of delight that he has made such a genuine success of it. The most ingenious maps at the beginning and the delightful drawings by Leo Rempen are far more than mere decoration for they do much to clarify the text and keep the reader oriented. The illustrations, many of them from contemporary sources, are excellent as is the thorough index.

Here and there one may lose track of the time sequence but in the main dates are given and a strict chronological order is followed. Though not entirely neglected, the Indians do not receive much notice; their part in the development of the river was indeed small, no matter how long they had lived along its banks.

We are told that this was originally intended as a book for young people. Certainly there are no traces of writing-down to a juvenile reader, though the style is simple and unaffected. Altogether it is a highly satisfactory job, both as history and as book-making and the author and the Oxford University Press have every reason for pride in their achievement.

Dr. Leechman, well known as author, lecturer, and archaeologist has combined Canadian history with his prehistory studies.

CONTEMPORARY CANADA
by Miriam Chapin

Oxford University Press,
New York, v. 332 pages.
$7.50.

Reviewed by A. L. Burt

MIRIAM Chapin, an American free-lance journalist who settled in Montreal in 1932, displays an understanding of present-day Canada that is rare among Canadians. Her analysis is penetrating, and her writing is in the best tradition of literary journalism. Her one weakness is ignorance of Canadian history, which she betrays when she occasionally dips into it for an explanation. But this fault is of little consequence, for she is a striking exception to the rule that to know a country one must know its past; and most Canadians, including historians, who read this book will there find much pleasure and more profit. There is not a dull page in it, nor any catering to pride or prejudice. It is neither a eulogy nor an attack. It is full of interesting information accompanied by frank judgments that are frequently challenging and sometimes wholesomely irritating. Canadian readers should also bear in mind that the author had addressed her book to Americans as well as Canadians, and the wider its circulation in the United States the better will be the relations between the two countries which are indissolubly joined.

The opening paragraph quotes Trade Minister Gordon Churchill: "If we are economically dependent on the United States, can we remain politically independent? The present generation has to decide." During the present generation this economic dependence has grown, along with military and cultural dependence, raising the prior question presented by the author: Is it inevitable? She does not presume to answer either question, or others related to them, for she is not one of that long line of unthinking Americans who have taken for granted that Canada should and would seek admission to the heavenly Union. Indeed she is remarkably free from national bias, with the result that her many comparisons between the two neighbours are eminently fair and often revealing.

I know of no better book on contemporary Canada, or of any that even approaches it in comprehensiveness and insight. It is an analysis of Canadian society, cultural, economic, and political, and the many problems, internal and external, that this society has to face. Here is a fresh discussion of the relations between French Canada and English Canada that will draw fire from both sides because it is impartial. Miss Chapin says that Premier Duplessis' government "is like Tammany Hall in the days of Boss Croker, on a wider and richer scale." Yet she finds some excuse for it, and she observes that the most outspoken criticism comes from French Canadians. In commenting on the repercussions of John Foster Dulles' "brink of war" interview, she remarks, with tongue in cheek: "Though Mr. Dulles has not succeeded in unifying Germany or Korea, his great achievement may yet be the unification of Canada." The section on labour relations begins with the statement: "Canada is the only ostensibly independent country whose labor organizations are run by leaders outside it." The chapter on the national government is particularly good, though it gives the wrong reason for the adoption of a written constitution and has provincial representation in the House of Commons still determined by the "fixed" number of seats allotted to Quebec. Better still are the three concluding chapters, on Canada as a member of the Commonwealth, her new role in the world at

large, and her relations with the United States. Some readers may turn to them first and thereby miss much of their value, which derives from what has been said in previous chapters.

Dr. A. L. Burt, emeritus professor of history of the University of Minnesota is for the coming academic year visiting professor at the University of Chicago.

QUEST FOR FRANKLIN
by Noel Wright

Heinemann, London; British Book Service, Toronto. 245 pages. $5.75.

Reviewed by Leslie H. Neatby

THIS readable little book is written to support the author's thesis that Sir John Franklin was buried at the Magnetic Pole; and that his two ships drifted out into the Atlantic where they were sighted by the brig *Renovation*, while the *Investigator* was the vessel boarded by the Eskimos in Victoria Strait.

Admiral Wright drives at his objective with a directness, certitude and contempt of obstacles reminiscent of Nelson's onslaught at the Nile. He has a tendency to take a hypothesis as proved, when he has merely shown it to be tenable; and to choose and evaluate his witnesses with a single eye to proving his point. When the evidence of the natives favours his case, they are so intelligent as to distinguish between the rig of one vessel and another; when their testimony is inconvenient, they are too dull to tell a ship's figurehead from the corpse of one of those who manned her. The story of the Pond Bay Eskimos, which supports the *Renovation* theory, is enlarged on; for they were "remarkably well informed about nautical matters in their particular area." So, we suppose, was Commander Inglefield; but *his statement* that, with every motive and opportunity for informing himself correctly, he disbelieved the report of the *Renovation*—so far as it related to the *Erebus* and *Terror*—is nowhere mentioned.

With profound respect for the author's sincerity, ingenuity, and industry in research, we must profess ourselves unconvinced. It is quite incredible that Captain Crozier made a journey of many miles over rotten, puddle-infested ice to inter his revered commander at a spot where his grave was certain to be desecrated by the natives. Franklin, we may be sure, was, like Drake and Grenville, buried at sea and, most appropriately, in Victoria Strait, the last link in the Passage he had given his life to find. The game of "Musical Chairs" which H.M. ships are represented as playing in the frozen seas of Boothia is hardly more convincing. McClintock's theory of what occurred remains the most plausible, and the best supported by testimony.

But while dissenting from Admiral Wright's thesis, we are grateful to it for what it has produced. His book is lively, informative, and with a stimulating freshness of thought and diction. Some might hold that it has too much of the jaunty reporter, and too little of the grave professional, but that is a matter of taste. The author's appraisals of men are sometimes partial and ill-balanced, but always shrewd and incisive. We wish that he had been kinder to Captain Collinson, who won the respect of Amundsen and Stefansson—neither of them inclined to gratuitous flattery of a British naval officer. On the other hand he is to be congratulated for entering a plea on behalf of Sir Edward Belcher. That competent, hard-working officer had grievous faults—Admiral Wright does not disguise them—but by making enemies of those two most able writers, Osborn and Markham, he got himself a worse Press than even he deserved. The present author has done well to redress the balance.

The robust dogmatism of *Quest For Franklin* sometimes provokes vehement opposition, but it never fails to maintain interest and command respect. We hope that it enjoys a circulation proportioned to its pungency and vitality.

Dr. Neatby is the author of "In Quest of the North West Passage" published last year.

THE ANGLER'S BOOK OF CANADIAN FISHES
by F. H. Wooding

Illustrated by Gordon Fairbairn

Collins, Don Mills, Ont. 303 pages. $6.95.

Reviewed by K. H. Doan

MR. Wooding was for many years associated with the information branch of the federal fisheries department, and had access to recent scientific work. One suspects that his profession as a writer was also coupled with that of the angler, and the happy combination has produced this worthwhile volume. There may be more extensive writings on special groups of sport fish in Canada, more emotional outbursts lauding the gaminess of particular kinds of fish, but until *The Angler's Book of Canadian Fishes* appeared none had encompassed all Canadian sport fish, and some whose sportiness is questionable, in so sane and informative a manner as has the volume by Mr. Wooding. There are more answers to questions on fisheries biology than in many texts, yet never does the theme stray from the angler's viewpoint.

Gordon Fairbairn's 55 illustrations are factually correct, and appeal to the angler because most of the fish are shown in action, not just portrait style. The preface by Dr. J. R. Dymond and foreword by Gregory Clark make a fine introduction by combining the aspects of science and sport.

The author is to be commended for his restraint, although he does wax enthusiastic over the boyhood joys of perch fishing, and the exasperations and triumphs of hunting muskies. Careful attention has been given to the use of acceptable common names, and the scientific nomenclature is recent and correct. That considerable practical angling experience lies behind this book is shown by the suggestion that an empty bottle might be available to use as a buoy in marking the location of a walleye school.

Sometimes too arbitrary a line is drawn in stating the age at maturity, because great variations exist owing to temperature, food supply, overcrowding, etc. The Rocky Mountain whitefish is not an "exclusively British Columbia species" but is to be found also on the eastern slopes of the Rockies. Few mistakes were found (on page 125 "antidating" should be antedating), but the white tip on the lower lobe of the tailfin was omitted in the illustration of the yellow walleye. Too much emphasis is placed on gar, quoting U.S. experiences, and the freshwater drum is a more important game

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fish than the author gives it credit for, and grows at least to 22 pounds, not 14 pounds as stated. Probably none of us will actually experience the pursuit of all the game fish described, but the book usefully extends our interest and knowledge, as in its praise of the relatively little-known inconnu of the far north.

Dr. Doan is a fisheries biologist with the Manitoba provincial government.

THE ICE WAS ALL BETWEEN
by T. A. Irvine

Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto.
216 pages. $4.50.

Reviewed by J. Keith Fraser

SIX vessels have been successful in completing the navigation of the Northwest Passage between the Atlantic and Pacific. Roald Amundsen in the tiny *Gjoa* was the first, taking three years to accomplish it, from 1903 to 1906. The R.C.M.P. schooner *St. Roch*, under Larsen, completed the passage from west to east in 1940-1942, and made the return trip in 1944. H.M.C.S. *Labrador*, on her maiden voyage in 1954, became the first deep-draft vessel to transit the Passage, and she assisted three United States Coastguard vessels to make the more southerly passage through Bellot Strait in 1957. This book is a highly readable account of the *Labrador's* transit, written by her naval hydrographer.

World War II encouraged the writing of many naval narratives, some enjoying surprising success. Most of the work of a ship's company is routine and monotonous, but the popularity of these sea stories results from the wartime atmosphere of strain and suspense and the climax of victory or defeat. In Commander Irvine's book, a tale of a peacetime voyage, the Arctic pack has replaced the enemy as the antagonist and the Northwest Passage the naval victory as the goal.

The transit of the Passage was not primarily a prestige accomplishment. As Commodore Robertson (Commanding Officer, 1954-55) states in his foreword: "H.M.C.S. *Labrador's* job was to be the floating platform and the sea-going laboratory from which her scientists could work to develop the techniques and establish the doctrines for more efficient and less costly research. . . ." The fine co-operation between naval personnel and scientific staff is apparent in this description of the voyage.

This is a popular account of the circumnavigation of North America by "the biggest and most complex naval ship yet built in Canada." The tale begins at Sorel, Quebec, where *Labrador* was built and commissioned, and ends in the West Indies as the vessel heads towards Halifax after passing through Panama. Between these events is a voyage of some 18,000 miles and a period of nearly 100 days. Only eight settlements were visited—Halifax, for outfitting; Resolute Bay on Cornwallis Island; Alexandra Fiord on Ellesmere Island; Esquimalt; Vancouver; San Francisco; Balboa; and Grenada in the Windward Islands.

Tom Irvine shows a flair for dialogue and a talent for description. The book is more than a chronicle of the voyage; it never lags and the reader will find it hard to put aside. Anecdotes and the give-and-take between personalities are interspersed with descriptions of the navigational problems. The author has done his homework well; his frequent references to the earlier expeditions brings in the historical background of the search for the Passage. He has caught the atmosphere of the rendezvous with the American ice-breaker *Burton Island* off Dealy Island, the loneliness of the R.C.M.P. post at Alexandra Fiord and the impressiveness of the retirement of the famous *St. Roch* at Vancouver.

The two dozen photographs are excellent and the end-paper maps clear and easily followed. This is Commander Irvine's first book; we trust this is only the beginning, for it is a good one.

J. Keith Fraser is head of the Northern Canada Research Section of the government Geographical Branch.

TUPU-TUPU-TUPU
by Peter Krott

Hutchinson, London,
232 pages. 21/-

Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius

THE actual life history of any wild animal can never be known in its entirety for the simple reason much of it is never seen by man. It is an odd, fact, also, that animals that live by hunting shun man more than do the animals they prey upon which, logically, ought to be the more timid. When the larger beasts of prey are seen by man, they are usually surprised unexpectedly.

Any little-known creature will seem mysterious: folktales and legends, often fanciful, gradually weave themselves about its supposed characteristics. Weird beliefs pass on from one generation to another and become so rooted in the mind they are almost unshakable even when demonstrated to be myth. The wolf and the bear are sinister figures in the folklore of the north, but for a truly diabolical reputation the wolverine probably leads the field. One can go through much literature describing the wolverine before finding a good word spoken of him. This bad reputation is in some cases merited. Reliable trappers recount experiences with wolverines which border on the uncanny. They are both intelligent and cunning: but curiously enough until quite recently no comprehensive study of the life history of the wolverine had ever been carried out.

In 1948, Peter Krott, a young Austrian forester and part-time wild animal dealer (living in Finland) came into possession of two baby wolverines. Inexperienced as he then was in caring for them, they did not live long but his short acquaintance with them so captivated Krott that he immediately set about securing others. In the process he learned much and the many and varied experiences the wolverines brought to his family and himself are told in this book.

It is absorbing reading, and had even an added interest for me because of a personal connection. Some years ago in an article for *The Beaver* on furbearers I mentioned Krott's work with wolverines in Sweden. Readers in both the U.S.A. and Canada wrote for information and were put in touch with Krott. Events recounted in the book indicate he must have at that time had his hands full dealing with his boisterous animals, let alone trying to cope with heavy correspondence.

In 1954 the Swedish Forestry department arranged for Krott to settle in a wilderness area of Dalarna, near the Swedish-Norwegian border. Here his wolverines could range freely under natural conditions and permit constant study of their doings in the forest. The arrangement seemed to promise ideal conditions for documented observation.

But an unhappy situation developed. Much of that district of Sweden is primitive wilderness; the reputation of the wolverine in those parts had always been of the blackest. Many of the local inhabitants now felt that this project had been launched on them by Forestry officials without either their consent or approval. Strong objections led to eventual curtailment of the program.

But the project, though not completed, uncovered a host of interesting facts which appear in the book. Readers can have a first hand look into the real nature of wolverines, their way of hunting, why they do such baffling things and—perhaps most surprising of all—their great capacity for affection and doglike devotion to an "adopted" parent. People who like animals will find the book engrossing: there is rich material for students of psychology as well. Excellent photographs, many by Swedish photographer Sven Gillsater, illustrate the book.

Mr. Tillenius is known to our readers, and many others, as artist, author, and naturalist.

"The Hudson's Bay Company has always been the guardian angel of the north.
I suppose that there never yet was another purely commercial concern that so fully realized the moral obligations of its great power, or that has so uniformly done its best for the people it ruled."

from THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES
by Ernest Thompson Seton

Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

BUCHANAN

HUNTING MACKINNON

DRESS STEWART

MALCOLM

HUNTING MENZIES

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

HUDSON'S BAY

Leisure wear

Superbly tailored men's leisure wear shirts in a wide range of authentic tartans and plain colours. Made from an exclusive lightweight 100% Pure Merino Wool fabric imported from England.

LINDSAY

BLACK WATCH

SCARLET

GORDON

ROYAL STEWART

DRESS GORDON